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Here certainly is the ideal undergarment for the Dancing and Sports Girl! Made of beautifully light, flexible material the Oriental gives the maximum of freedom yet holds the figure firmly in place. Come in and have it tried on and know the satisfaction of being perfectly corseted without that 'corseted' feel.

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OF EXCLUSIVE DESIGN

DAINTY COAT (as sketch) for little girl in French cashmere with silk finish, panel effect back and front with flat godet skirt at sides, outlined with fine silk pipings, collar and sleeves also finished pipings, lined throughout. In shades of Soft Green and Terra Cotta.

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PRETTY HAT to match trimmed pipings and tiny bows in front **75/9**

AFTERNOON FROCK to wear with this coat, made in same materials, opening at either side from hips to knee and trimmed pearl buttons. In proportionate prices to each sized coat.

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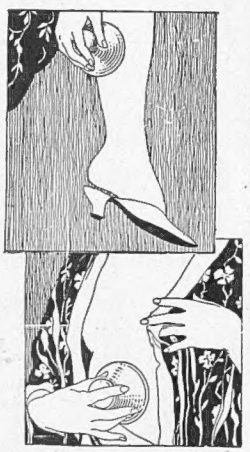

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Attractive Blouse Tunic *in black Marocain, for semi-evening wear. Lower part beautifully embroidered in blended colourings mixed with gold thread. A fall of pleated Marocain finishes one side, coming from under an ornament in dull gold. In Black only.*

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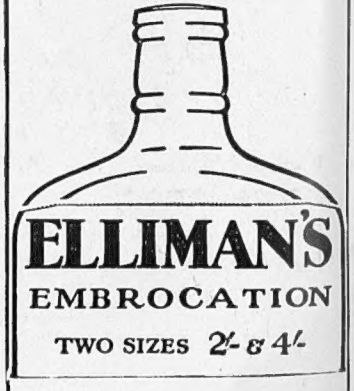

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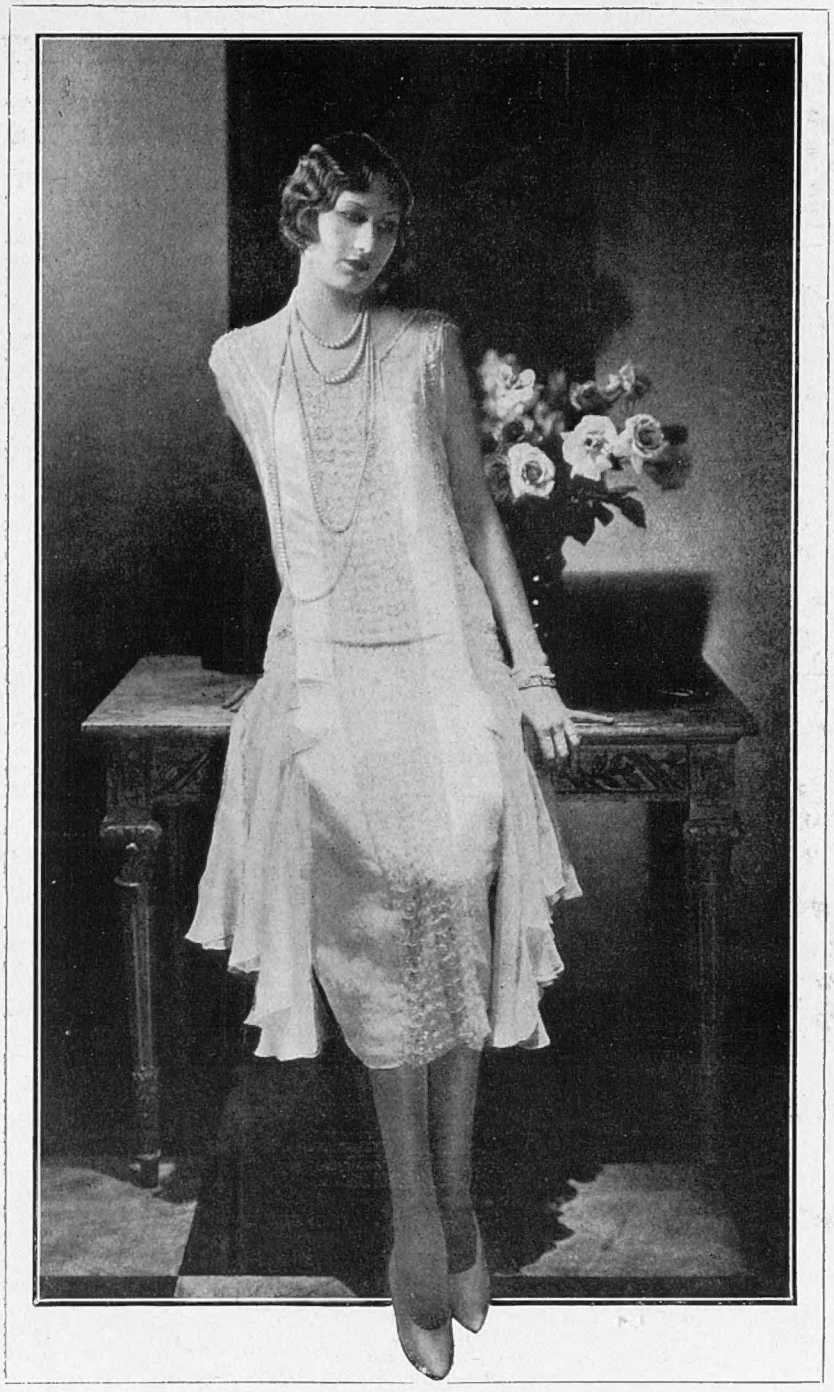

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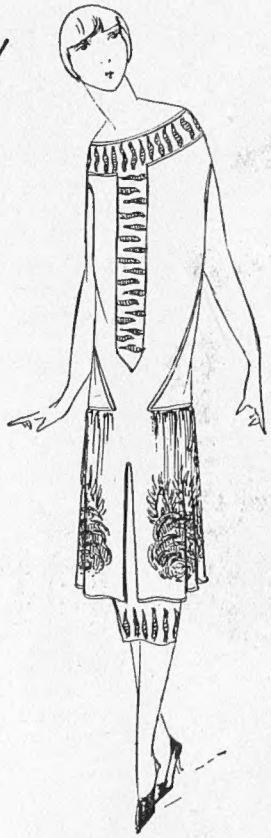

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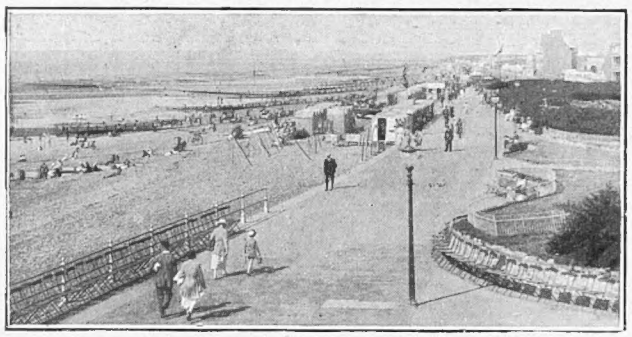

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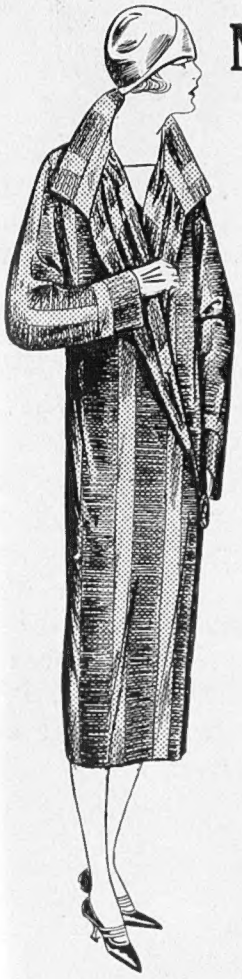

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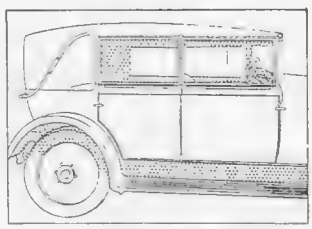
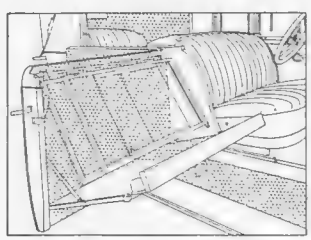


Closed car comfort.



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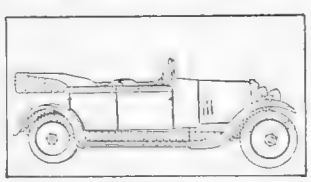

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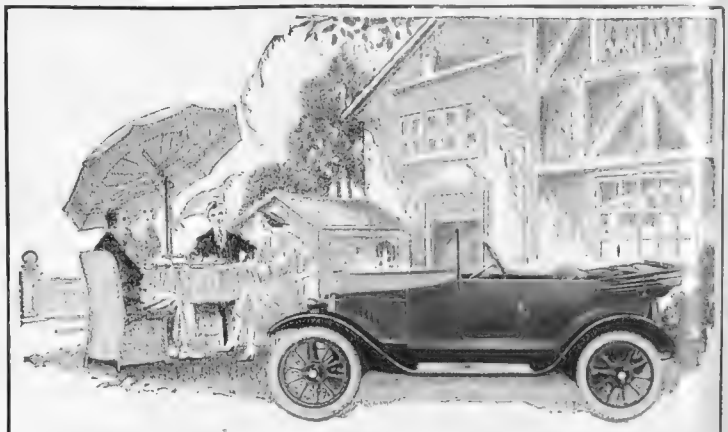

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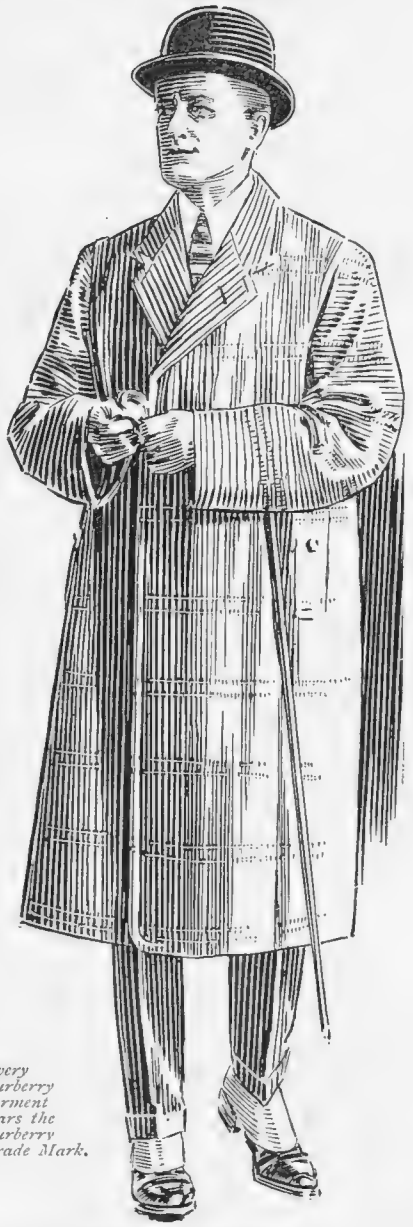

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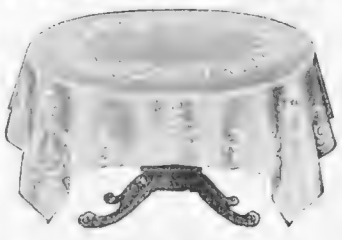

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2 x 2 yards	... each	27/9
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22 x 22 inches	... dozen	31/6
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Made in three sizes, 16, 20 and 24 ins. Simple, Economical, Durable and absolutely Reliable. We also make Heavier Type Motor Mowers; 24 to 42 in. sizes. The machines up to 30 ins. are fitted with kick starter, which eliminates the risk of personal injury from backfire.
Illustrated List No. 54 on application.
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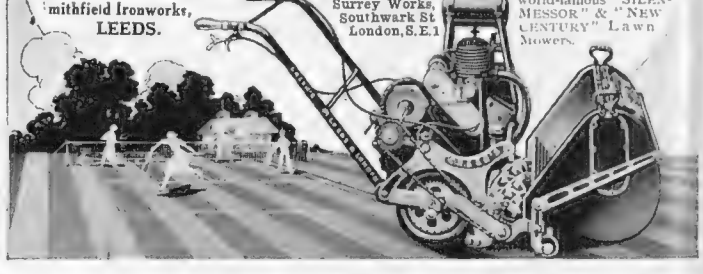
We are makers of the world-famous "SILENS MESSOR" & "NEW CENTURY" Lawn Mowers.



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(Figure Standing.)
Designed with two-tone effect. In New Blue/White, Navy/White, Red/White, Tan/White, Green/White, Yellow/White, Mauve/White or Black/White. (ML 535)
Collar with bow 6/11
Cuffs, 8½ inches
Per pair 3/11

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With Valenciennes lace veined in collar. In Ivory or Champagne. (ML 536) .. 5/6
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Per pair 4/6
Same model in Ivory and Coffee coloured Net.
Collar 4/11
Cuffs, 8 inches
Per pair 3/11

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The Bystander, March 25, 1925

No. 1112. Vol. LXXXV.

The BYSTANDER

Lafayette

THE HON. MARIE AND THE HON. PELLINE ACTON

The eldest daughters of the second Lord Acton. Their brother, the third Baron, who was seventeen in December, succeeded to the title last year

Not coddled but cared for

Mother—
the health doctor

Mothers know dirt for what it is—and fear it.

They will not tolerate dirty schools, dirty streets, dirty homes or dirty children.

Lifebuoy Soap is one of the most widely used soaps in the world because mothers appreciate its scientific protection against the dangers of dirt.

Mothers know that Lifebuoy lather goes down deep into every pore, and removes impurities. They know that Lifebuoy keeps the skin soft, pliable, and glowing with health—that it is bland, pure and soothing to the tenderest skin—even that of a baby.

Buy Lifebuoy in the new pack, two large cakes in a carton, 6d

Lifebuoy Soap
for HEALTH

SMALL boys have a horror of being coddled. They like to imitate their older companions' independence of girlish nonsense, to feel that they are men and can take care of themselves. Mother, the health doctor, encourages this youthful pride. Knowing it is good for their characters, she lets them believe they are quite capable of doing without her.

The soap that Daddy uses

Her greatest care for them is her deliberate choice of Lifebuoy Soap, the jolly stuff which they like to use because Dad always washes with it. It is a good, manly soap; it makes them puff out their chests with a glowing sensation of fitness, which is joy to their sturdy natures. They love the healthy smell—so refreshing at the moment, so quickly gone. The odour vanishes, but the protection remains. Quietly in the background, mother, the health doctor, helps them to form the Lifebuoy habit.

Mother knows

She can't expect them to take the germs very seriously, to shun a fellow who's a good footballer simply because he's not as clean as they. Mother won't ask the impossible, but she'll see to it that the cake of Lifebuoy is always at hand to render her boys immune from the dangers which surround them when they are outside her supervision.

She knows that Lifebuoy cleanliness is the arch-enemy of disease.

Rely on Lifebuoy. Put a cake of Lifebuoy in every place in the house where hands are washed, to be used by everybody—old and young.

Buy it in the *new pack.* Two large cakes in each carton. Lever Brothers Limited, Port Sunlight

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

The Odd Man

It has taken a year or two for summer-time to become a permanent asset to the world, but there was never any real opposition. There still remain old ladies who use the emergency stairs on the Underground, but this fact does not disturb the slumbers of Lord Ashfield and his associates. Most of us know a good thing when we see it, and you can't legislate for the odd man. Now let us have a permanent summer.

Myself and Lord Birkenhead

A week ago, in the *Sunday Times*, Lord Birkenhead disclosed the interesting fact that on his first meeting with King Edward VII, that tactful and kindly monarch remarked, "Ah, yes! I read your speeches with growing interest." Lord Birkenhead is inclined to attribute the compliment to the kindliness and tact aforesaid, but he shouldn't be so modest. Why, if I met him to-morrow, I should say, "Ah, yes! I read your articles with growing interest," and, believe me, the appreciation would be as sincere as was that of King Edward himself.

Why My Wife Laughed

During the early days of the War, I made a trip to a place called Millbank, and was told by a kindly recruit vet. that I had his permission to fight for my country providing I eschewed both the Artillery and the Air Force. As he was in a hurry to get home to his dinner, he gave no reasons for limiting my patriotic output, and I have often wondered in what qualities I was considered deficient. But now I know. A peace-time pilot, it appears, must go through various tests to betray incoordination and lack of nerve and muscle control, one of these being that he must sit "with hands extended, eyes shut, and tongue protruding." I suppose he must do this without making his wife laugh—a very difficult test. I have tried and I know!

The Gentleman's Gentleman

If they are to be judged from recent cases in the Courts, the gentleman's gentleman and the gentlewoman's gentlewoman must be very unpleasant people. One has always known them as a breed apart — dissatisfied and boasting a veneer of loyalty so thin that it can easily be removed with the milled edge of a sovereign. Society may or may not be as rotten as modern dramatists would have us believe, but society has its sorrows as well as its sins, and the greatest of these is the gentleman's gentleman.

That Sonnet Again

So many readers have betrayed an interest in the sonnet by an unknown author commencing with the line:

Shall we not weary in the windless days——

that I make no excuse for returning to the subject. Mr. Coulson Kernahan writes me as follows: "I quoted the sonnet many years ago in a book of mine, the title of which I will not here advertise by mentioning, but the writer of the poem was my friend the late Mrs. (Rosamonde) Marriott Watson, who was, I believe, sister of Mr. Wilfrid Ball, the distinguished artist."

Oh, What a Surprise!

"As 'Graham R. Tomson,'" continues Mr. Kernahan," she sent poems of hers to *Longman's Magazine*. They were seen by Andrew Lang, who not only accepted all she sent him, but was so impressed by the work of this new singer, that he wrote inviting 'Mr. Graham R. Tomson' to lunch with him. To Mr. Lang's surprise and consternation, instead of a man, as he had expected, a very beautiful and charming woman arrived to grace his table. Thereafter, the two became friends, and so continued to the end."

Post-War Plays

Everybody seems to think that the poor old British Drama is getting on its legs again, and I am inclined to agree with them. There is a welcome stirring in the workshops of the younger men, and when we have passed through the present phase of sex-obsession there will be good plays in plenty. For the benefit of future critics, we may note that the lean post-war period is roughly of the same duration as the war itself, and that an additional couple

THE DOLE-FULL DITCH
The Grand " Political " Handicap, 1925

By Blam

of years—half the war period—are sufficient to find the mental furnaces in full blast once more. What is still more encouraging is that post-war plays seem to be well in advance of the pre-war product.

See-Saw Criticism

Talking of critics, I have always had a suspicion that when a member of the clan has had occasion to cut a play into ribbons, he has suffered from a natural reaction, and is rather inclined to approach his next victim in more kindly mood. If I wrote a play—and you needn't be alarmed, because I don't intend to—I should like it to be produced on the evening following the spectacular crash of a brother author, when I would hope to find the critics overflowing with the milk of human kindness. Speaking of *No, No, Nanette!* a critic remarked that the next two musical comedies scheduled for production would have to be unusually good to follow such a success. Already, you see, the critical see-saw had begun to oscillate!

Don't Miss "St. Joan"

The announcement of the " Last Weeks " of *St. Joan* has resulted in a last minute rush to the box-office, and I shall not be surprised to find this epoch-making play continuing at the Regent Theatre for many weeks to come. You mustn't miss *St. Joan*. It is the finest play of our generation, and as deeply impressive as a battle, a coronation, and a murder trial at the Old Bailey all rolled into one. During the second act, I sat in the very back row, and I heard every word, while the distance lent added enchantment to the beautiful scenery and costumes that are such a feature of the show There is a story to the effect that Bernard Shaw wrote *St. Joan* to prevent John Drinkwater from doing so. If this is the case, we cannot be too grateful to Mr. Drinkwater

Capital Punishment

Once again we are faced with the usual outcry against capital punishment, an outcry that must have the sympathy, if not the support, of all of us. The same remark applies to Socialism. In the best of all possible worlds, Socialism is the best of all possible doctrines. Also, in the best of all possible worlds, there will be no such outrage on humanity as the hanging of a man by the neck until he is dead. But as the adoption of Socialistic principles would, in the opinion of many sane and kindly people, result in general chaos, so the abolition of Capital punishment would result in a murder epidemic that would quickly result in a public gallows at every street corner. We must move warily towards the Millennium.

Three Men Who Were Hanged

The other evening I slept in a room with three men who were hanged. That is to say, their pictures hung on the wall above my bed, and the story of their crime was written in faded ink in the characteristic hand of my great-great-grandfather. These three men were hanged for sheep-stealing in days when no man's property was safe, and I pondered on the fact that sheep-stealing is, to-day, a crime unknown. True, we have our motor-car thieves, and the time is coming when these gentry may have to be taught a sharp lesson for the discouragement of those others who may be preparing to follow in their steps. For the importance of the crime is only brought home to the criminal by the importance of the penalty exacted by society, and on the day that we abolish the hangman, murder will become a comparatively petty offence.

In the Sheep-Fold

The countryside is clamorous with the song of newly-born lambs, and the patient shepherd becomes, for a few weeks, nurse, doctor, and midwife rolled into one. You may spend profitable hours with the shepherd, as he moves leisurely across the fold doctoring, coaxing, and comforting his sick or refractory charges. In one pen, a ewe has three lambs—one too many for the comfort of the parent—and in the next, a mother is mourning the loss of an only child.

A Little Tact

The shepherd is quite equal to such an emergency. He takes the skin from the dead lamb and ties it round one of the healthy trio in the next pen. Thus adorned, the youngster is introduced to the sorrowing mother, who smells him suspiciously. The coat is the coat of Esau, but the voice——! " She's a bit dubious," says the shepherd, " but she'll be all right in a bit." And as the shepherd never speaks unless he knows, one leaves him in the knowledge that a little tact has made two mothers happy.

Topical Weeknesses

BY H. H HARRIS

SOME PICTORIAL NOTES OF THE MARCH OF EVENTS

OFF TO THE MEDITERRANEAN SUNSHINE

P. and ·.

Their Majesties, the King and Queen, photographed at Calais just before they entered the train that was to take them to Genoa, where the Royal yacht was waiting for them

Who, When & Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Royal Train

THE British Royal train in which the King and Queen travelled to Genoa is, I believe, the King's private property. It is usually kept at Dunkirk. In comparison with the calls made upon it in King Edward's time it has done comparatively little service during the present reign.

Each year it used to take Queen Alexandra from Calais to Denmark, and each year, too, it carried King Edward to Marienbad, Biarritz, and elsewhere. The last time I saw the train it was passing through Vienna with King Edward on board. Then the coaches were painted a deep royal blue, with a golden crown on the side of each coach.

Whether the present train—the existence of which was unknown to most of his Majesty's lieges—is the one specially built for Queen Victoria for her yearly journey to the Riviera, I really cannot tell.

The King's Cruise

THERE is considerable disappointment on the Riviera because the King is not going to begin his convalescence on those shores which his father did so much to popularise. But the doctors have ordered a sea-cruise, and the Southern Mediterranean seems likely to be the part of the world chosen. Besides, there are nasty treacherous winds on the Riviera, which many visitors know to their cost, and although the Mediterranean is not invariably of that blue and shimmering stillness which you see in pictures, you can generally rely on brilliant sunshine at this time of year in Southern Italy and the adjacent islands.

Prince Henry, Privy Councillor

OWING to the departure of the Prince of Wales to South Africa and the Duke of York's absence on the same continent, it has fallen to Prince Henry to be one of the four Commissioners or Counsellors of State to act for the King during his absence from the country. A member of the Royal family must be one of the Counsellors who, again, must all be Privy Councillors. Prince Henry was therefore, "introduced" into the Privy Council by the King's command, a formula which is only followed for Princes of the Blood.

As he is the principal Counsellor of State, we may take it that Prince Henry will be a good deal in London during the King's absence. Any two of the Counsellors can sign State documents on the King's behalf.

This is only the second time in the King's reign that such a Commission has been appointed. The other

Central News

THOUGHTS OF "SPRING"

The Earl of Kincardine (left) and H. B. Turner taking the hurdles at the Eton Sports

THE PLAY IS NOT ALWAYS THE THING

G. P. U.

A group at Lord and Lady Oxford and Asquith's supper party, given at their house in Bedford Square (né Bloomsbury), for their daughter, Princess Bibesco, and the cast of her play, "The Painted Swan," after the première at the Everyman Theatre. Our photograph shows: Lady Lavery (left), Lady Colefax, Mr. Frank Cellier, Princess Bibesco, Mr. Clifford Mollison, Lady Cholmondeley, Lord Ivor Churchill, and Mrs. Hunter

occasion was when the King went to India. Then, Prince Arthur of Connaught represented the Royal family, the other Counsellors being the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, and the Lord President of the Council. This time the Prime Minister takes the place of the Lord President. The sudden death of Lord Curzon has, of course, deprived the nation of his services.

These four Counsellors, or any two of them, are empowered by the quaint wording of the Royal Warrant to carry out all the duties which fall upon the Sovereign, except that they may not dissolve Parliament or confer titles.

Despite Queen Victoria's annual absence abroad, only one such Commission was appointed in her reign, and that was when she was on the Riviera during the war between Spain and the United States. Then a Commission was appointed to call a Privy Council which proclaimed British neutrality during that war. All the documents, etc., which will be dealt with by the present Commission used to be sent out by special messenger to the Riviera for Queen Victoria's signature.

Sport and General

THE JUDGE'S "BOX"

Mr. F. Slater (Clerk of Scales), General Sir Charles Briggs (the Judge), Lady Briggs and Mrs. Evans, at the Newmarket and Thurlow Point-to-Point Meeting

Central News

"BUSMAN'S" HOLIDAY

Air Vice-Marshal Sir Sefton Brancker, Director of Civil Aviation, and his pilot, Mr. Alan Cobham, photographed at Le Bourget aerodrome on their return flight from India

The Late Lord Curzon

THE State has lost one of its most valuable servants in Lord Curzon. He devoted his life to the public service, and there is scarcely an office in that service which he did not occupy at one time or other in his career, from Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports to Viceroy of India, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and Lord President of the Council. Honours fell thick upon him. First he was created Baron Curzon of Kedleston and Baron Ravensdale, then Viscount Scarsdale, and, finally, Earl Curzon of Kedleston, Earl of Kedleston, and Marquis Curzon of Kedleston. The barony of Curzon of Kedleston, the two earldoms and the marquisate die with him. But the viscounty of Scarsdale goes to his nephew, Mr. Richard Nathaniel Curzon, and the barony of Ravensdale to his eldest daughter, Lady Irene Curzon, both by special remainder when the patents were granted by the King.

Mr. Cyril Roberts's Portraits

ON the afternoon of the day on which Prince George had the operation for the removal of his tonsils, a goodly number of people were gathered round his portrait, which occupies the place of honour in Mr. Cyril Roberts's exhibition of portraits at Walker's Galleries, in New Bond Street. Prince George had never given any artist a sitting before. The result is a lifelike portrait, strong and full of character. It is a most interesting exhibition. There is a brilliant charcoal study of Dame Ellen Terry, and two striking pastels of Miss Jeanne de Casalis and Mr. Tom Douglas in their parts in *Fata Morgana*. The portrait of Lady Godfrey-Faussett, too, had its little knot of admirers. Mr. Roberts excels in conveying the charm of childhood. If you want to see some really delightful children's portraits, and an outstanding exhibition in portraiture of older folk, you should go to Walker's Galleries.

This Picture and That

FROM Bond Street your Bystander went to the Leicester Galleries. A large

LOOKERS-ON *Topical*

Major and Mrs. Tabor at the Newmarket and Thurlow Point-to-Point at Haverhill

THE DAY'S GREAT THOUGHT *Sport and General*

Lunch-time at the Newmarket and Thurlow Point-to-Point: Colonel Fox-Pitt, Mrs. Hambro, Mrs. Nevile Major Nevile, and Lt.-Colonel H. E. Hambro (Master of the Suffolk)

Photographs

LIEUT.-COL. J. C. LOWTHER, D.S.O. AND MRS. LOWTHER

MISS FIELDING (left), MRS. NORMAN LODER, MRS. HUBERT LODER AND MISS LOVING

A RUGBY TREBLE

Some of those present at the Rugby Hunt Meeting last week. Moderate sport was experienced, but the weather and attendance left nothing to be desired

Sport and General

BARONESS FURNIVALL AND MAJOR TOWERS-CLARKE

yellow banner outside announced an exhibition of Mr. Norman Lindsay's work. The pictures of this brilliant Australian fill the first two rooms. In the third are paintings and etchings by Mr. Edmund Blampied. I found the third room a haven of rest—fresh air, after an atmosphere of exoticism so exotic that it verged upon the doubtful No one can deny Mr. Lindsay's technique. He is wonderful. Only the prudest of prudes could object to the nude in art. But—and here comes in the essential point in Mr. Lindsay's work—there is all the difference in the world between the nude and nakedness. The women in most of Mr. Lindsay's pictures look as if they had stripped themselves out of sheer wantonness. After looking at the fifty odd paintings and etchings one asked oneself, "Is this a biting satire on woman, or is the artist merely a wayward child.

And so it was with relief I found myself amongst Mr. Blampied's pictures with horses splashing through the surf, peasants working and resting, the atmosphere of daily toil, and the clear-cut shadows and strong sunlight of the South—clean, healthy life as it actually is, caught and imprisoned on paper and canvas by an understanding brain and most deft hand. What struck me most about Mr. Blampied's work was its suggestion of vigorous action—one picture especially, "Galloping Home in the Rain," in which a horse, drawing a heavy farm-cart, is being driven "hell for leather," in a torrential downpour.

Lord Woolavington

LORD WOOLAVINGTON has become a grandfather for the second time by the birth of a son and heir to his only daughter, Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan. As the head of the great Scottish whisky distilling firm of Buchanan and Co., Lord Woolavington was perhaps better known as Sir James Buchanan than he is by his peer's title. He spends a good deal of his time at his place in Ross-shire, Torridon, but his racing stable is at his Sussex abode, Lavington Park, where he is a near neighbour of Lord Leconfield at Petworth.

Mr. Macdonald-Buchanan—who added the name Buchanan to his own upon his marriage three years ago—was Lord Woolavington's adopted son. His godfathers and godmothers in his baptism gave him the unusual name of Narcissus for his second Christian name.

Connaught Place and Royal History

I SEE that several of the great houses in Connaught Place—that street of stately porticoes facing a blank wall—are being turned into flats, the fate which is gradually overtaking so many of the big London houses.

One of these converted houses, No. 13, was once the scene of a Royal sensation. Princess Charlotte, the only child of the Prince Regent, refused to marry the Hereditary Prince of Orange. She was living in Warwick House, near her father's

MR. AND MRS. CLINTON McILQUHAM

A DOUBLE FROM DIXTON

Followers of the Cotswold Hunt Point-to-Point Steeplechases. The meeting was held at Dixton in fine weather

Photographs *Sport and General*

COLONEL AND MRS. TIMMIS AND MISS PALMER

Sport and General

PRINCE HENRY ON OCEAN III

WITH THE CAVALRY

Two photographic notes from the First Cavalry Brigade's Point-to-Point which attracted a large attendance at the meeting which was held near Wokingham

Alfieri

MAJOR R. M. WOOTTEN AND MRS. FITZGERALD

Alfieri

CAPTAIN AND MRS. WILCOX

Central News

PRINCESS MARY AND LADY BOYNE

Topical

LORD GRIMTHORPE AND MRS. CHARLESWORTH

'CHASING UP NORTH

Some of the spectators at the one day Point to-Point meeting of the Bramham Moor Hunt. Favourites did not have it all their own way, winning only two of the six events

sumptuous palace, Carlton House, not the Warwick House we know in St. James's. It was in a lane leading out of Cockspur Street.

When the Prince Regent learnt her decision, he descended upon Warwick House accompanied by the Bishop of Salisbury, and bursting with rage, told his daughter that her ladies and other attendants would have to go that evening, and be replaced by strangers. Princess Charlotte had temper and spirit, too. She did an unprecedented thing for Royal Princesses in those days. Putting on her bonnet she ran out into the street, called a hackney coach and drove off to 13, Connaught Place, alone and unattended, to her mother, Caroline of Brunswick, from whom the Prince Regent was separated.

There was a tremendous to-do. Emissary after emissary came from the Prince Regent bearing commands and entreaties, but the Princess held out, and it was two o'clock in the morning before she could be persuaded to return, and then it required the united efforts of her uncle, the Duke of York, the Lord Chancellor, and the Lord Chief Justice. She was escorted back to Warwick House in triumph.

A Strange Story

THE Countess of Seafield, who died fourteen years ago, was one of the most striking personalities in Scotland. In many ways she reminded one of Bess of Hardwicke and also of the famous "Anne Dorset, Pembroke and Montgomery" of Charles II's time. She was a daughter of a Lord Blantyre, and married the seventh Earl of Seafield.

They had only one son, who, dying unmarried, left the vast Seafield possessions to his mother, his uncle succeeding

RACING AT "THE ROCK" *Central Pr.*

Some racing enthusiasts on the Gibraltar Jockey Club's Course at North Front. The group shows: Mrs. Ridout (left), Mr. Forbes, Capt. Burlton, Major Murray, Mr. Freyburg, Mrs. Wilder, Mrs. Cary, Mrs. Burlton and Mr. Baker

Keystone

AFTER THE SHOOT

Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught and two members of their suite with some of the "bag" of a shoot. The photograph was taken in the grounds of the Palace of the Maharajah of Patiala, whose guests they were

Lady Cardigan and Chaucer

SOTHEBY'S rooms are sure to be crowded during the first week of April, when the famous Cardigan Chaucer will be put up for sale. It is a vellum MS. in a marvellous state of preservation, seeing that it is nearly five centuries old. It belonged to Lady Cardigan, who would never allow anybody to look at it, and, consequently, held up a mine of interesting information on the *Canterbury Tales*, since many passages in the text of this MS. differ widely from other manuscripts. This action was distinctly characteristic of Lady Cardigan, one of the personal traits she did not mention in her scandalous reminiscences.

This literary treasure came to Mr. George Brudenell when he succeeded to Deene Park after Lady Cardigan's death. He was the grandson of the third Marquis of Ailesbury, and by Lord Cardigan's will his property went to Mr. Brudenell's family after Lady Cardigan's death. She used to say she would live as long as she possibly could to keep them out of it. She succeeded in doing so for nearly fifty years.

only to the earldom. For years Lady Seafield wielded an almost autocratic power, and when she died entailed the property on the earldom. Since her son's death there have been three Earls of Seafield. The last died of wounds in the War, and was succeeded by his only child, the present youthful Countess of Seafield.

Now, after all these years, an astonishing claim has been made to the Seafield earldom. A Mr. Grant makes the claim on the ground that he is an unacknowledged son of the famous Countess of Seafield, and, therefore, brother of the seventh Earl. He declares that his birth was kept secret. It all sounds rather like something on a film, especially as the seventh Earl of Seafield died over forty years ago, but real life just now seems so much more thrilling than films.

Topical

THEIR PLACE IN THE SUN

Richard Strauss, the famous composer, enjoying the sunshine in the gardens at Madrid, where he recently gave a concert at the Theatre Royal. With him are his son and daughter

Our Saturday Selection

Above are Miss Phyllis Kermode's impressions of a few of the thousands of people who will be taking an interest in nautical matters between Putney Bridge and Mortlake on Saturday. That they are members of the rival crews, may, of course, have had something to do with her choice—because we all know how susceptible women are sometimes!

The Riviera Week by Week

BY DOUGLAS W. THORBURN

Marc Le Noir

CHUCKLES AND CHUKKARS

The Duke of Manchester and Baron Schroeders enjoying the joke—which, unfortunately, has not been sent us—at Mandelieu

CANNES

OUR second Battle of Flowers, which had been postponed for a week on account of unfavourable weather—the first outdoor function to meet with treatment of this kind—was quite a success, and there were many well-decorated cars, that of the Beau-Site Hotel, as usual, achieving distinction for its originality and beauty. The fête, however, had a very narrow escape, for during the afternoon a cold wind sprang up, and an hour after the last of the hand-painted banners had been distributed to the prize-winners a roll of thunder blended with the roll of the retreating drums of the Chasseurs Alpines, and a downpour followed. Fortunately all was sunny once more for the week-end polo, in which Lord Fitzwilliam made his first appearance as a player this season, and for the beginning of the International Tournament at the Cannes Tennis Club on Monday, where Mlle. de Alvarez appeared for the first time during the present season and all the other leading players of the day turned up, almost as a matter of course. The entries seem to comprise exactly the same names at every Riviera meeting, and it is only the ever-changing crowds of spectators which rescue these events from monotony. The tournaments at the Cannes Club are always enjoyable, for Mr. Atkinson and his excellent staff manage to maintain a thoroughly British atmosphere—apart from the climate, that is—in these pleasant grounds.

IN a pleasure-resort like the Riviera, where social functions follow one another in bewildering succession, it is only natural that dress should be one of the most important topics of the day. Neither Her Grace the Duchess of Mayfair nor plain Mrs. Blank of West Kensington would care to be seen too often in the same costume; while, human nature being what it is, the desire to look as smart as one's neighbour is not suppressed to any noticeable extent. We have had quite a number of smart dress-parades lately, the first being the "Gala des Modes Nouvelles" at the Restaurant des Ambassadeurs, where the enormous crowd of notable guests was in itself sufficient proof of the keen interest taken in the latest creations of the leading dress-designers. Among the firms sending their mannequins to display the fashions of the future were Poiret, Worth, Lanvin, Drecoll, Cheruit, and Redfern, and there were, as a very distinguished guest expressed it, some very remarkable revelations. But if you want a detailed description of the most sensational display of the whole gala ask anyone who was present, but don't ask me!

A FEW days later Jean Patou gave an invitation tea at the Casino to introduce his own bevy of beautiful mannequins, who had travelled down from Paris, as that wittiest of Parisian caricaturists, Sem, assured me, *en wagon plombé, comme Epinard!* There were so many guests that quite a good number never succeeded in getting in at all. Next Saturday we are to have another dress show, but in much quieter and more elegant surroundings, for Lady Cheylesmore is inviting her friends to her beautiful Villa St. Priest to see an exhibition by the noted Parisian house of Paul Caret. The owner of this successful business is Lady Egerton, whose late husband was our Ambassador at Rome. She was, before her marriage, Princess Olga Rostowski, and until the Russian revolution caused its widespread havoc she was one of the regular winter visitors to Cannes, where she has many friends.

Keystone

BARON HENRI DE ROTHSCHILD

On the Carlton Lawn Tennis Courts, which are still much in demand with the sun-worshippers at Cannes

Marc Le Noir

LA BARONNE DE MONTBRISON

In that engaging state known to our cross-Channel neighbours as "en promenade"

LORD ILLINGWORTH, who was here earlier in the season, has now returned to Cannes with Lady Illingworth, who is recovering well from the illness which prevented her from joining him on his former visit. Dame Clara Butt is another convalescent who has returned to the district to complete the cure which began in an English nursing home. The Earl and Countess of Portarlington are staying at the Carlton, where, among other recent arrivals, are Mr. Hugh Campbell Wallace, the former American Ambassador to Paris, and Mrs. Wallace, and Mr. Paul Nelke, a well-known figure on the Stock Exchange, and his wife. Other arrivals include Sir Cecil and Lady Neumann at the Mont-Fleury; Sir Edgar Bowring, Lady Domville, Sir George and Lady Watson, Lady Broom and Miss Broom, and Mr. and Mrs. R. D. F. Paull at the Beau-Site; Lady Cayzer, Miss Cayzer, Mr. A. D. Vickers, and Captain Edmund Tattersall, with his bride (who is the daughter of Sir James Dunn, Bart., and is announced to be taking up the duties of manageress of Chanel's branch in Cannes) are at the Metropole. Mr. Poulteney Bigelow, the American author and traveller, is staying with Mrs. Bigelow at the Villa Alexandria, the large villa in the Egyptian style on the Route d'Antibes which is Lady Eaton's winter home, and Mr. B. A. Meyer the theatrical manager is a guest of Sir Coleridge and Lady Kennard.

MAUD, LADY ORR-LEWIS gave a dinner-party at the Villa Valetta the other evening in honour of the Grand Duke Cyril of Russia, her other guests including Sir Stuart and Lady Coats, Sir Albert and Lady Stern, Sir Duncan and Lady Orr-Lewis, Major and Mrs. Thomas Moss, M. and Mme. Marino Vagliano, Mrs. Robert Christie, and Captain Milne. D. W. T.

From Our Portrait Gallery

Lafayette

MISS MARJORIE CONNOLLY

The third daughter of Sir James and Lady Connolly, who will be one of the season's debutantes. Her father was formerly Agent-General for Western Australia in London

Motley Musings

THOSE Cambridge rags are said to occasion a lot of material damage; but that must be slight compared with the æsthetic harm wrought by these Oxford Bags.

. . . . . .

A LADY recently strolled into the Stock Exchange. A member says that the large hall was one long howl. But a poet once glorified "The Lady in the House."

. . . . . .

THE author who has published an article on "Queer Occupations" has omitted to mention those gentlemen who put the holes in our crumpets.

. . . . . .

A PLAGUE of daddy-long-legs has been ravaging golf greens. But in the cricket season one daddy-long-leg's fielding can cause almost as much trouble.

. . . . . .

WE have been estimating the number of King Solomon's progeny. Can you work out what in these days he would have to pay for boots for them?

. . . . . .

A FAMOUS master of Trinity College, Cambridge, once told an undergraduate that the quad was "a place of transit and not of lounge." But we hardly expected to hear a policeman inform a nursemaid that "the pavement is not perambulotos land."

. . . . . .

A MAGISTRATE declares that costers' barrows are among the attractions of London's streets. Especially when those barrows are "*et donah ferentes*."

. . . . . .

"MUMMY," said Bobby, "I could catch that cat burglar; our kitten has taught 'me'ow!'"

TO "THE WIDOW"

Gaze on it, peep in it,
Heav'n put it there:
Sunshine asleep in it,
Radiant, rare.

Light as a bubble is,
Soft as a sigh,
Never a trouble is
Near when it's nigh.

Take it up tenderly,
Lift up your glass,
"Fashioned so slenderly";
Drink, and then pass!

. . . . . .

"WHAT do you think of X as a man and a novelist?" asked one clubman of another.

"Well," replied the other reflectively, "I've only two faults to find with him; he's lived too long and written too much."

. . . . . .

IN a weekly journal this week we read that some time ago England was attacked in the *Rire*. Surely we ought not to have been behind the *Times* in replying.

. . . . . .

THE market is again being flooded with books on physiological subjects for young people. Isn't it time they catered more for adults? Why not books on "What a Sailor Ought to Know," or "A Guardsman's Pitfalls"?

A GENTLEMAN, who was run in recently as he started to undress in the street, was said to have been of poor mental capacity. Still, on the whole, we are glad his was a case of "arrested development."

. . . . . .

THE argument as to whether comedians should crack jokes between themselves, while on the stage, continues. But surely it is a small fault now that there is so little laughter heard from the audience.

. . . . . .

AN eminent writer declares that modern sculpture is atrocious. But the old 'uns weren't always "it." Even the Venus of Milo had no arms to speak of.

. . . . . .

"I HEAR that your husband is now a vegetarian?"

"Yes, my dear, he simply lives on golf greens!"

. . . . . .

"WHO were your partners at bridge last night?" asked his wife.

"I'm not positive," he replied, "but judging from her maddening declarations, I think one of them must have been Mrs. Earlswood, and the dame who took such an age sorting her cards, I fancy was Lady Laudanum. I didn't catch the name of the emaciated old *roué* who made up the party; but it ought to have been Hesperus!"

. . . . . .

"Is your cook quick at her work?"

"She's so quick that when I enter the kitchen in the morning I can't see her for dust!"

HARTLEY CARRICK

"AU PIED DE LA LETTRE" By BATCHELOR

WIFE: "I shouldn't worry over this Income Tax demand if I were you, darling. He can't be serious—he signs it 'your obedient servant'"

What We Gain on the "Swings" . . .

BY DAVID WILSON

The legal methods for enforcing payment of income tax by recalcitrant taxpayers has been recently compared to the killing of butterflies with a sledge-hammer

Produced on March 5, 1925

By "JINGLE" *Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

THERE used to be a legend in the world of entertainment that you could do what you like with the British Public as long as you did not try to elevate its taste. At the first suspicion that unseen influences were at work for its general improvement, the thinking public, like the Levite of old, hurriedly passed by on the other side. Mr. Nigel Playfair has apparently achieved the impossible by provoking in the public a quite greedy appetite for the minor classics. More than that, he presents his plays with the severely correct surroundings which are their due, according to the best authorities, and the net result of his work must be as satisfying from a commercial point of view as it is to the artistic sense. Even the programme itself, which is a happy attempt to imitate a bygone fashion, has at first glance a forbidding look about it; but it is clearly to the taste of the Lyric audiences who crowd the theatre at every performance.

The Rivals is not in the modern sense a "popular" play. I went to see it after having come straight from a noisy "popular success," which is a very ordinary mixture of clowning and cheap sentiment, and I found the contrast a little remarkable. The actors and actresses at the Lyric Theatre have apparently been schooled in polite restraint, and to suggest the emotions rather than actually to express them. Even Mr. Claud Rains, who takes the difficult part of Faulkland, and is expected to be the noisiest of the company, seems as if he had the brake on all the time. Mr. Rains's performance is quite masterly. He is the ardent lover perpetually in dread of his adored one's indisposition or unfaithfulness; but while he is, on the face of it, in desperate anguish, he acts, as it were, with his tongue in his cheek, as if to imply that he is not so much an individual as a type of the jealous lover in the silly period of the complaint. It is a remarkable piece of work, and in the hands of any other than an actor of genius, the character would have been quite lifeless. As it is, while Mr. Rains is on the stage he dominates the scene entirely, making the other players seem little more than puppets supplied for ornamental purposes alone.

MR. PLAYFAIR himself takes the part of Bob Acres, to which he gives a reading that will be new to many people. Other actors have usually made Acres a mere clown, more concerned with 'osses than orthography; but Mr. Playfair contrives, while suggesting the boorishness of the fellow completely, to make him more or less the little gentleman. His hesitating moods, when he is issuing his challenge to the duel, are convincingly expressed with the lightest touch and without any of the horse-collar humour that some of his predecessors have mistakenly regarded as essential to the part. It can have been no easy task to have given Acres a touch of quiet refinement; but Mr. Playfair has worked so many miracles in his time that his success in this reading of the part may well have been expected.

THE mounting by Mr. Norman Wilkinson is a marvel of restraint, entirely in keeping with the nice efficiency of the rest of the production. Many years ago, I was associated with a now very distinguished artist in the production of a monthly magazine which, with the splendid optimism of extreme youth, we believed would do much to improve the public in its taste for art. One of the tenets of our creed was the White Space. We left wide margins round our pages, to the horror of the printer, who regarded them as a criminal waste of space that should properly have been filled in with type, or at least a "bit of decoration"; and we printed small pictures as full-page drawings in order that their high quality might be the better appreciated. But the public at that time was estimating the worth of its magazines by their weight in lbs. avoirdupois, and after a very unequal fight lasting about a year, we went, as it were, to the ropes and failed to answer the count.

I APOLOGISE profusely for this entirely unsolicited autobiographical note, but I have ventured to drag it in here because it seems to me that Mr. Wilkinson's scheme of decoration for this play succeeds admirably in striking the note that the other boy and I could not reach. He, too, is an apostle of the blank space, but his spaces are not obvious. With scarcely any furniture on the stage, he succeeds in conveying a complete impression of a well-furnished apartment. The scene of "Mrs. Malaprop's Lodgings" contains only a roomy couch, with a small cabinet tucked away in the corner, but so cunningly is the scene arranged that the space on the stage appears to be merely a part of a very large room, which if the rest of it were visible would seem if anything overcrowded. It is fair, perhaps, to add that the voluminous frocks of the ladies go a long way towards furnishing

the apartment; and since if one of these fine ladies were to sit on an ordinary chair, the chair would not be visible, it naturally seems hardly worth while to cumber the stage with it.

IN a graceful note on the programme, Mr Playfair excuses his revised version of the part of Mrs. Malaprop, who is no longer the elderly and somewhat blatant female mouthing her errors to make them more obvious to the gods. Miss Dorothy Green, who takes the part, speaks her lines smoothly and naturally, and where a "Malapropism" occurs it slides easily along with the rest of the sentence without special emphasis. I do not think a single one of the amusing inaccuracies escaped the attention of the audience, and the laughter in the house was as spontaneous and hearty as at any "roaring farce." I notice that an amiable critic comments on the fact that Miss Dorothy Green is not to be confounded with the Mrs. Green who played the part in 1775, but the danger of such a confusion seems to me a little exaggerated. It is on legendary record that ballet-girls sometimes pursue their calling with their grand-daughters in the same company; but distinguished actresses usually retire before the century limit. As it happens, Miss Dorothy Green is hard put to it to look anything like as old as the "near fifty" mercifully decided by Mr. Playfair, though she has taken all sorts of pains to disguise her youthfulness.

MR. NORMAN WILKINSON has also designed the dresses of the production, including the expansive frocks of the ladies, which are things of rare beauty. In spite of their great superficial area, however, the ladies wearing them seem to float about the stage as light as gossamer. It is to be hoped that the manifest charm of this fashion will not tempt the ladies to revive it for general use in our time. If a lady so attired boarded a modern railway train—assuming that she could be squeezed through the door—I don't know how many mere men would have to strap-hang in order to provide her with a sufficing seat. I see no reason why *The Rivals* should not prove as successful as other recent productions at this Hammersmith theatre which seems to be making history. It is certainly the most complete presentation of the ripe old comedy that is likely to be seen in our time.

JINGLE

RUGGER RAGGINGS

THE FINAL CRASH.

By "PENDARVES"

THE R.A.F. SKIPPER By "RIP"

Squadron-Leader J. C. Russell, D.S.O., who captained the R.A.F. team

SOME of them said afterwards that it was the roughest game they had ever played. But these remarks came mostly from bruised and battered Flying Officers, the Air Force forwards giving away a large number of stones in live weight to the Army opponents, who were quite noticeably the heavier team. But there was no ill-feeling in it. Not even when an acutely-provoked Army forward was seen to lunge out with a straight right and left on our touch line. He was merely "freeing" himself from a maul, as he explained cheerfully afterwards.

From the point of view of the 20,000 spectators this Army *v.* Air Force match was delightful to watch from beginning to very thrilling end. Or were there only 8,000 people present? Fierce argument raged afterwards as to this; for, you see, the game was played on the desert of the Stadium at Wembley, and as most of the 101,000 seats, or whatever the cup tie number is, were an arid waste of emptiness, it was difficult to judge numbers present.

An interesting experiment, a Rugger football match being played at Wembley. It is the obvious place for an international match, now that they have lengthened the ground. The players appear somewhat in miniature, and to very keen critics of the game, I suppose they are a bit too far off. You don't see the fine points so well as at Twickenham, nor are you perfectly certain whether it was No. 9 or No. 14 who quite obviously had his foot up (dam shame!) in that last scrum.

But at least there is plenty of room when you get there; and we got down, in a Hunyadi Squeezher, in twenty hair-raising minutes. Yet so base is the ingratitude of mankind, that the death-or-glory gentleman who flew us down (you can call it driving) actually cursed me for making him leave his club in Piccadilly so disgustingly early. However, it is a good thing to be early at Wembley, for several things have to be done on arrival. First of all, the car has to be parked. That takes time, because everybody else is doing the same thing in the same place at the same moment. Then you walk to the Stadium—a Sabbath day's journey. Then, having got F 37, Entrance 81 on your ticket, you proceed, in company with other misguided people, to wander round the outside of the city walls *in exactly the wrong direction*. You fetch up in your seat in the fullness of time, and dig your knees into the back of the man in E 37, and all is nicely, thank you.

I don't know whether anyone else noticed it, but I have seldom seen a prettier sight than the scarlet and light blue jerseys trotting out on to the light green grass of the arena. If that sight on an early-spring afternoon does not fire the blood of the most crotchety old retired Colonel, nothing ever will. There were other sights to—er—awaken interest also. Never has anyone seen at a Rugger match so many pretty women. Of course, they all belonged to some other fellow — but then they always do. That is the sad thing about them.

THE MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE XV *Speaight*

The 1924-25 First XV, who lost only two out of ten matches played, beating, among others, Wellington, Cheltenham, and the Harlequins "A" team. The group shows: back row—T. L. Huges (left), W. E. Pratten, A. C. S. Bennett, P. T. Cooper, T. E. Penny, H. B. Shaw and J. B. H. Kealy. Middle row—S. A. Block, W. F. H. Newington, A. E. C. Prescott (capt.), W. K. Harbinson and G. B. Still. Front row—C. J. Campion, T. K. Brown and G. B. Redmayne

It is now a matter of history how victory was snatched from the hands of John Russell and his merry men at the last minute almost, by that intercepted pass, taken in his fearfully long stride by the Sapper Bryan; and how an unsatisfactory draw of 6 points all resulted. Frankly I do not know which was the better side. Nor does it much matter. Certain men caught the eye on each side, by bits of individual brilliance, as men do in all games. C. N. Lowe (aged 33, mark you) scored both the Air Force tries, and pulled Army men, twice his size, down on top of him every few minutes throughout the game, and seemed to like it. What people mean exactly who say he is too "slow" for any more international caps is beyond me. He is yards faster than Day, anyhow. But don't let us be contentious, merely thankful we are not English Selectors, for theirs is a rotten job at the best of times.

Flight-Lieut. Chick and Flying Officer Rose were the two best forwards on the field, which is saying a good deal. The former officer (why he was not picked for England last Saturday I cannot imagine) is a man of parts. When not playing Rugger or the violin, both of which he plays beautifully, he seems to spend his time testing new kinds of praps-they-will-and-praps-they-won't-open parachutes by jumping off roofs of Airship Sheds and landing safely so far, thank goodness, complacently on the concrete ground at a dreadful distance below him. Or, for the sake of variety and change, deliberately spinning an aeroplane, not to earth, but crashingly near it, from 10,000 feet up. And this, too, in the interests of aircraft science and experiment.

A very stout show also was that put up by the Air Force skipper, Squadron-Leader John Russell. Anti-tetanus serum had done its worst on him only a week ago, and he was a very sick man. But he turned out and fought Guardsman Powell, the opposing scrum half, tenaciously throughout those hectic eighty minutes of fast, open play, and more than held his own.

As all the Air Force said, in its terse language, "it was a dam stout effort." And so say all of us.

A Table Decoration

"Abbe"

SENORITA PIZELLA

Who has been delighting Paris with her picturesque Spanish dancing at the Casino de Paris

GRAND NATIONAL THRILLS

By "CARBINE"

SILVO

One of the favourites for the Grand National. He ran third last year, and is expected to improve on that performance on Friday

Unique Race

IN steeplechasing, the Grand National stands out more than the Derby does in flat-racing. While the latter is rivalled in importance by the Doncaster St. Leger, the Grand National has no rival of any sort. It is the one race of which every owner of a good-class jumper thinks all the year round. Nothing else matters very much during the winter racing campaign so long as the National horses go on all right, and when one of them drops out, as Conjuror II did recently, we are all regretful. In recent years, the Grand National has become a prize more worth winning than ever before. The man who is lucky enough to lead in the successful horse this week will be credited with more than £8,000 in stake money. But this is merely the sordid side of the race, and is outweighed by the honour and glory which attach to winning it.

Getting Round

I WONDER how many of the thirty or more horses who will start on Friday are destined to complete the course. Last year only nine finished, and that was reckoned quite a fair percentage for the race. The severity of the fences is not the chief cause of so much grief. It is the luck of the race which counts most of all. Your horse may be the most accomplished jumper in the world, but he will need luck if he is to win the Grand National, in which hard bumps and jostles occur at almost every fence. Loose horses galloping on wildly cause incalculable mischief, and are a terror to all the jockeys of surviving competitors.

Big Jumps

IT is not until you have walked round the course that you realise what a tremendous journey it is when run for at top pace. Becher's Brook, of which our artist has given so vivid a picture, is the sixth and twenty-second of the thirty jumps. It is very much the same sort of jump as Valentine's Brook, which comes three fences later. In between these formidable ramparts is another which invariably produces a certain amount of disaster. I refer to the Canal Turn fence with its ditch six feet wide in the take-off side. What makes this obstacle more awkward than most of the others is the fact that on the landing side the course takes a sharp left turn. Jockeys, therefore, endeavour to jump the Canal Turn obliquely so as to lose no ground on the other side. I have seen no fewer than nine horses in the Canal Turn ditch at the same time, most of them brought down through no fault of their own.

SERGEANT MURPHY

The most popular horse in the race. Although 15 years old, he is to make an attempt to repeat his victory in the Grand National of two years ago. He will be ridden by Escott

Over the Water

THE water is the best-known obstacle on the course for the simple reason that it is situated immediately in front of the stands. By the time they reach the brook the horses have completed the first half of their journey, and usually not more than half the starters are on their legs. What a thrill the crowd gets as these grand leppers stretch themselves at the water-jump, which is 15 ft. over all! It really is one of the least difficult jumps on the course, and rarely causes many falls. Safely over the water, the survivors swing round for the concluding stage of their journey of four and a half miles. You watch them assail Becher's and the rest again.

Nearly Home

THREE fences from home the pick of the bunch have singled themselves out at the head of the field. Excitement grows even more intense. The leaders are very tired. Will they scramble over those last few obstacles which separate them from the winning-post? It was that penultimate jump which brought down Mr. Harry Brown on The Bore, though a broken collar-bone did not prevent the jockey from remounting, getting over the final fence, and finishing second. We shall get many a thrill like that before the finish of this week's race. Who will be in front when the last jump is reached? Silvo will probably be on his legs, for he is a great jumper, but he may be outstayed under his tremendous weight. Fly Mask, too, may again not quite stay the full distance.

A Popular Sergeant

WE shall all look with interest for Sergeant Murphy. Without a doubt he is the most popular horse in the race. What a scene there will be if he should win for the second time! Even at fifteen years it will be surprising if this sure-footed veteran fails to get round. The Irish division is always one of the strongest and most demonstrative at Aintree. This time they are on Ballinode almost to a man, and if she gets first past the post their enthusiasm will be boundless. And I am convinced that this clever mare possesses a great chance of winning. I was deeply impressed by her performance at Cheltenham. She has jumped the Aintree country before, and she was never quite so good as she is now. Thus I venture to predict the success of **Ballinode**, and I take SILVO as likely to do the best of the others.

Photographs] BALLINODE [*W. W. Rouch*

The hope of the Irish division in the Grand National. He brilliantly won the Cheltenham Gold Cup recently, and is greatly fancied for this week's race. He is "Carbine's" selection

More Racing Notes, including "Carbine's" selections for the Lincoln, etc., appear on pages 724 and 725

"National" Notabilities

BY "THE TOUT"

JOCKEYS, OWNERS, AND TRAINERS WHO WILL BE PROMINENT AT AINTREE ON GRAND NATIONAL DAY

The greatest steeplechase in the world will provide its usual thrills on Friday. Evidently our artist fancies Fly Mask, who ran second last year

"Becher's!"—the Biggest Fence in

Every rider in the Grand National breathes a sigh of relief when he is over Becher's Brook, named af
It is a thorn fence, 5 ft. high, 3 ft. 3 in. wide, with a natural brook on the far side 5 ft. 6 in. wide, to
vicinity of this t

the Grand National Steeplechase

BY HOWARD K. ALCOCK

r Capt. Becher, a famous horseman in his day. "Becher's" has to be jumped twice during the race. ay nothing of a drop of 6 ft. You will get plenty of excitement if you watch the race in the mendous jump

The Starting Price

BY RENÉ VINCENT

HE: "And you will not be angry if I call you my dear heart?"
SHE: "Not if you always remember the *dear*!"

PARISIANA By "René"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"You burned Jeanne d'Arc"

MES AMIS—

A STAIN has been removed from our escutcheon. It was rather a nasty stain; in fact, the worst stain on the old escutcheon—that of the burning of Joan of Arc. You might have thought that the French had already forgotten and forgiven. But no. I have heard Parisian children, when very cross with English children with whom they had been playing, employ as the last, mortal thrust, "You burned Jeanne d'Arc."

"And the polecat broke through the bars"

BUT now we are absolved. It was like this. We have had a play about Joan, which was a very well-written play, although it was not so fortunate in its appeal as that of Mr. Shaw. Towards the end of the piece, Joan was shown in her prison, a vile hole, wherein the straw must have served for prisoners during many centuries. The sight of that straw was enough to impel one to rush out and take a bath, even in the chilly Seine.

SAID a critic whose *mots* are eagerly snapped up and repeated, "Now I understand why the English burnt Jeanne. It was their love for hygiene." As hygiene is the *chic* thing in Paris now, we can consider the black record blotted out. *A la bonne heure.*

Everything comes to him who waits,
Can he but wait the time;
What was once a fiendish act
Now becomes sublime.

APROPOS of that pronounced British affection for cleanliness, a subject which never fails to entertain French people, a little story has been current which has richly amused Parisians. The scene was the menagerie of the Jardin des Plantes. Before the cage of the polecat were three tourists, an Englishman, an Italian and a German. A Frenchman of the *malin* type, scenting prospects of unusual gaiety, induced them to make a wager—a hundred francs to go to the one who should remain in the cage for the longest spell.

FIRST in was the Englishman. At the end of five seconds he withdrew, assuming an air of accentuated hauteur. Next ventured the Italian. He retired after twelve seconds, looking very unwell. Then came the turn of the German. He remained for forty-five seconds, and then the polecat broke through the bars. You would suspect that the story was French propaganda against the Germans. *Mais non.* It comes to Paris from Germany, the south, where the Bavarians are telling it against the Prussians. They are apparently like the spendthrifts of Glasgow, who invent tales about the lesser spendthrifts of Fife.

Vraiment it is more than *difficile* to bring satisfaction to Parisiennes. Not so terribly long ago they were complaining about the exasperating number of *agrafes* and buttons, which called for so much time in the fixing of frocks and corsages. Now that those former necessities have been reduced to a minimum in keeping with the scantiness of the *robe-chemise*, one would have anticipated that Parisiennes would have been filled with contentment. *Du tout.* Now they are recriminating because, having to remove the skimpy frock by the head, this *mouvement en deux temps* deranges the *coiffure*. And there did not seem much to derange.

ONE wonders how they will feel about an innovation just announced by some of the go-ahead establishments that deal in lingerie. They have devised "undies" manufactured out of paper, which are said to be indistinguishable from those made out of—well, whatever they are made out of. They are designed

"Make one like that for me"

primarily, of course, for touring motorists—travellers in regions where the laundresses are too robust or too leisurely.

YET one does not see where the superiority of the new material comes in on the side of space-saving, as claimed. It was something other than lingerie that prevented the top of the trunk from closing. And there is something distressing about this idea of scattering a paper trail along the high roads of fair France while humming, "*Un jour, une nuit : et puis, bonjour.*"

Crimped and crinkled paper
Patterned out as lace ;
Pink and puce and purple
Tints to suit all tastes.

Complete stocks of "undies"
Now no need to hoard ;
"Spares" in every commune,
A la manière de Ford.

WE are being rather favoured with novelties in this 'tween-season period. People in almost every other line, and particularly those associated with *La Mode*, have felt the spring-call to inventiveness and innovation. A most promising scheme in the fashion *salons* is that of the perfectly proportioned wax model of distinguished—and long-pursed—clients.

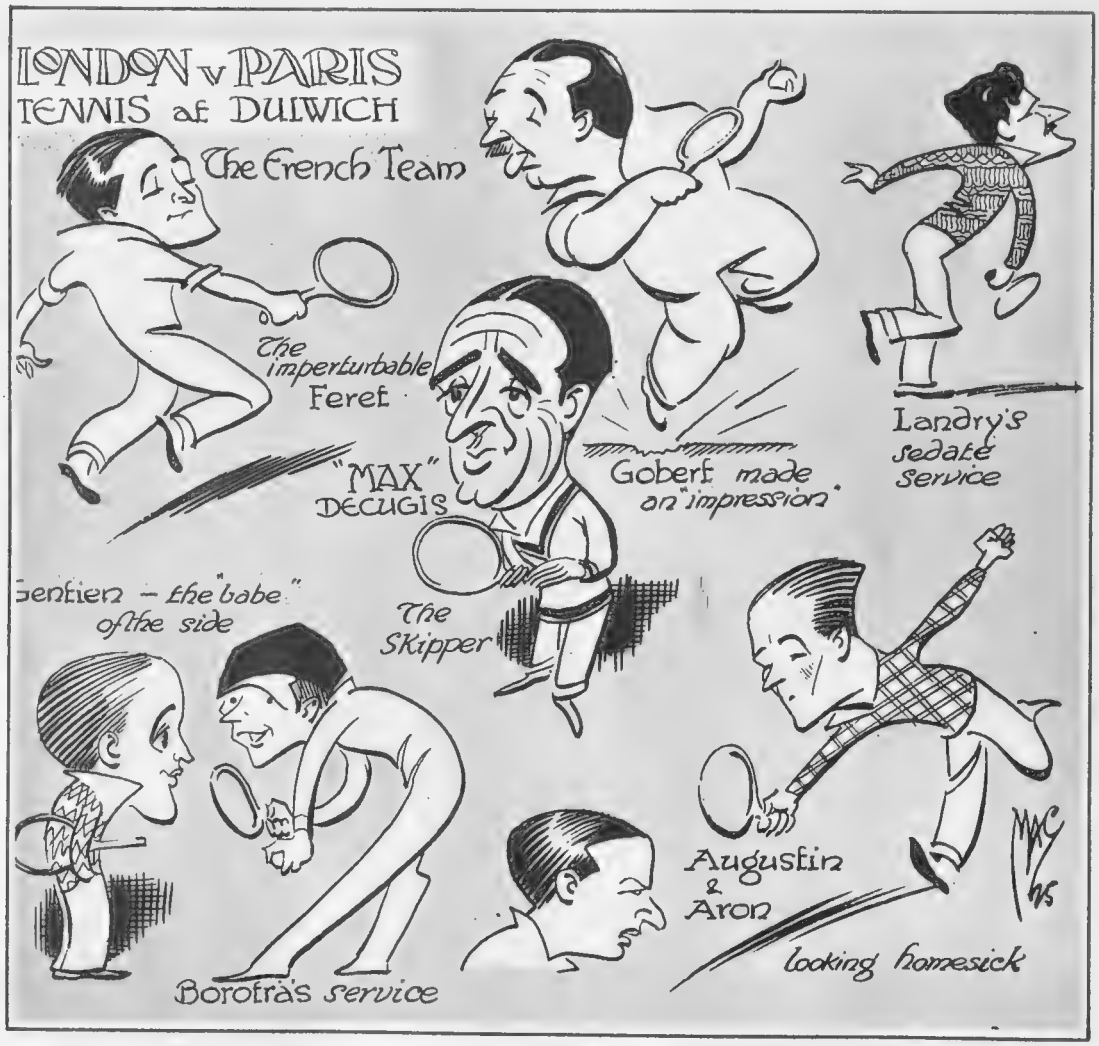
"This movement deranges their *coiffure*"

THERE is one strong point about the conservative French ; when they do get a firm grip on an idea, they show unrelenting determination and application in carrying it out. They have at last taken a firm clutch of the theory that time is money, and saving time has become a matter of neophitic enthusiasm. This wax model plan is a brilliant thing in short-cuts.

THE client sees a model for the coming season on a mannequin, takes a fancy to it, says, "Make one like that for me," and she does not require to bother about it any more till the final "fitting." All the time-absorbing, patience-trying, preliminary "fittings" have been executed on her waxen counterpart. And like this, the wealthy client won't have occasion to become bored with a frock before she has entered into possession of it. That is where the *couturier* will find advantage in investing part of his capital in wax.

I BEGIN to be sorry for some of the minor Paris playwrights. They seem to be battling against loaded dice all the time. They observe what senior, or better-known, authors produce, remark its popularity, and set to work with a fair amount of competence to evolve something in the *genre*. Then, to their evident amazement, they find the makers of opinion fall upon them heavily with the phrase of Jaurès, "*Pas ça, ou pas vous.*"

MAURICE DEKOBRA is the latest victim of this peculiar attitude. His play about a *ménage* that is in need of an heir is no "stronger" than half-a-dozen popular successes, yet he has had to withstand an assault that could not have been more aggressively violent had he been playing a lone hand in this field. And almost simultaneously Robert Dieudonné and Henri Geroule have found themselves beneath a fountain of praise for a comedy, *Le Coup de Deux*, which cannot have had a rival in the numbers of "lovers," for among the four principal personages everybody is, or becomes, the lover of everybody else. One man's poison is another man's tasty meat. RENÉ



A "CAPITAL" STRUGGLE

By MAC

The Paris lawn tennis team sketched at Covered Courts Club at Dulwich, where they lost to London by 11 matches to 10. This was London's first home victory since 1914

Buy-Buy Time in Paris—

CHOOSING A FROCK IN THE PLACE VENDÔME

RUE DES BEAUX-ARTS
BUYING A PICTURE

THE PERFUMERS
RUE DE LA PAIX

BY BERT WILSON

—Only you have to be very wide awake! Some impressions in and around the shops of the Gay City

The Final Fling in the World of Huntin

A POINT-TO-POINT POINT OF VIEW *Central News*

Mrs. Thornton, Lady Margaret and Lady Alice Scott (daughters of the Duke of Buccleuch) with Colonel Tollemache, at the 7th Hussars' steeplechases at Balerno

Central News

WATCHING HIS REGIMENT AT PLAY

Field-Marshal Lord Haig with his eldest daughter, Lady Alexandra Haig, and Colonel de Pree at the 7th Hussars' Point-to-Point

"A-HUNTIN' WE WON'T GO!" *L. N. A.*

Lady Brecknock, Mr. Gilbert and Mrs. Greenall at a meet of the Quorn at Barsby. Owing to hard frost they had to draw cross-word puzzles instead of coverts

GOING GOOD; COMING BACK, ROTTEN *L. N. A.*

Lady Blandford and Lord Stanley at the abandoned Quorn meet. They made up for it with a fine run on Monday from Lodge-on-the-Wolds

and Chasin': Pictures from Point-to-Points

Sport and General

CAPTAIN HENDERSON, CAPTAIN SWIRE, MRS. RONALD HENDERSON AND MRS. E. MOSLEY

Sport and General

MRS. WARDELL AND MISS MONICA SHERRIFF

THE ARMY GOES JUMP-RACING

There was a big field, and a large assembly to watch 'em, at the Army and North Warwickshire Point-to-Point Meeting at Dunchurch, near Rugby. A good race for the Prince of Wales's Cup was won by Mr. W. J. Bedford's Pippin

Alfieri

MISS HASTINGS, THE EARL OF ELTHAM AND MISS BARBARA GROSVENOR

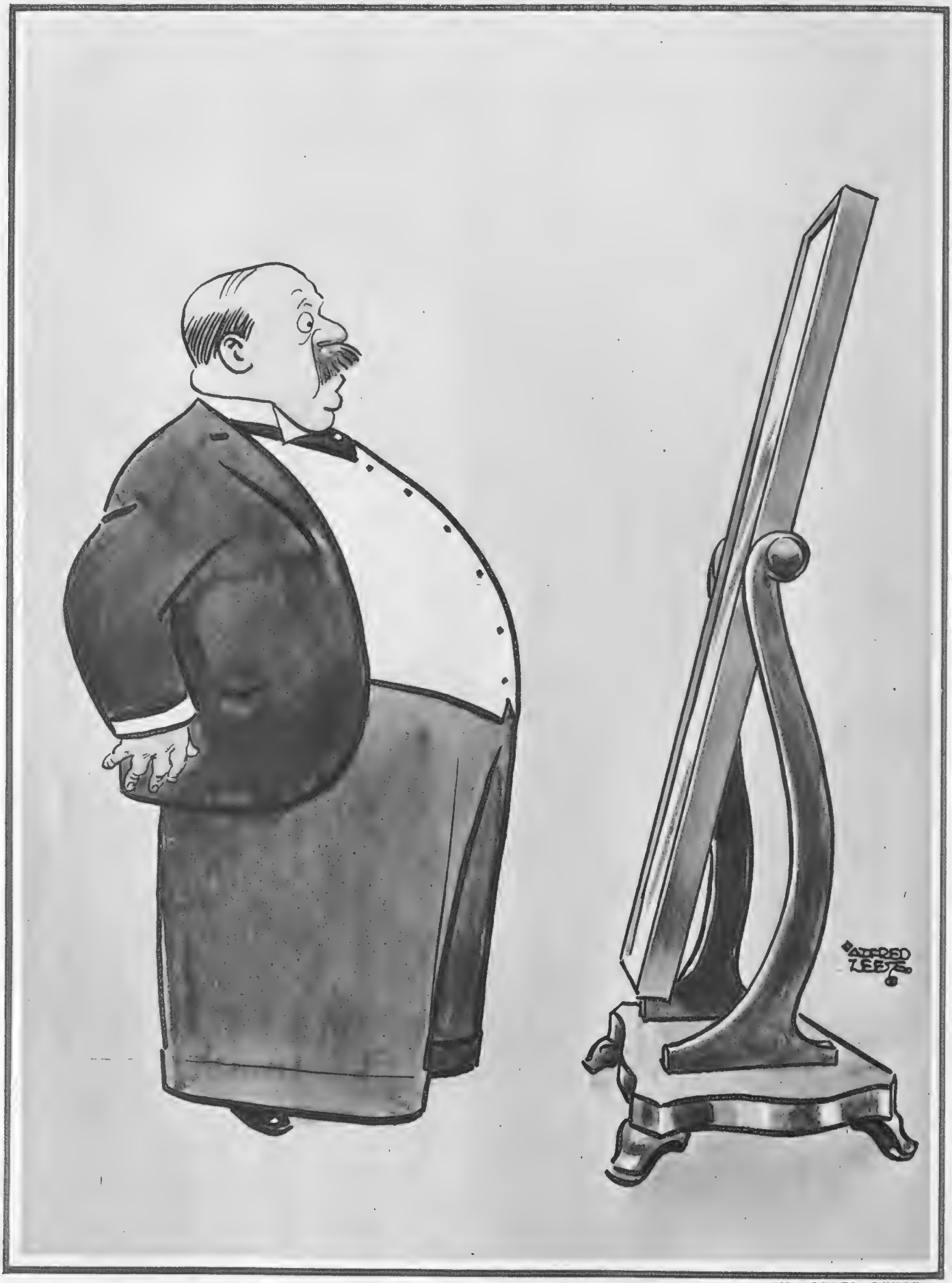
Sport and General

GENERAL LORD HORNE (one of the judges) AND MISS BETTIE LEARMONTH

C. P. U.

MR. AND MRS. STEPHNEY RALLI, WELL-KNOWN WARWICKSHIRE HUNTING FOLK

"The Glass of Fashion and the Mould of Form"



BY ALFRED LEETE

The new style in trousers will *never* become popular with a certain type of man

YOGO HAMA'S GUIDE TO THE BOAT RACE

MOST DEAR HON. SIR,

I HAVE receive a very exclusive sportings scoop which a small private sparrow has whispered to my ear straight from the stable's mouth. As you are no doubtfully cognizant, my very acknowledged expertness in

"A small private sparrow has whispered to my ear"

sportings and suchly fresh-air gymnastics permits I should non-infrequently obtain startling informations which not any at all of my Hon. contemporaries could successfully hope to secure. If I did not enjoy the so great handicap of my modesty, I should tell you of the 1,000's of letters making me congratules from persons who find themselves to have acquired permanent blessings from my so inspired commentings which now they would not dream of using any other.

"Kindly, Mr. Y. Hama, to not blow assiduously your personal trumpet or other advertisement horn, but purvey us this sportings exclusive you have promised to expose," you ensneer, Hon. Sir?

Permit I should point you out that very reversely to blowing wind in my horn, facts do not necessitate me to do this, but entirely to the contrary. However, I shall wordlessly scorn your politelessness, which I cannot help to think pursues me because you are jealous for envy of my so great celebrity as a *literati*. Yet, Hon. Sir, I are very faultless in this matter, for how much better I should love to be a humble but pure proletariat content with the bosoms of my wife and families, instead of to suffer this so hectic life with not any femn spouse or other lowly blessings. Alasly, I bemoan, thusly I must pay the cost of my so curseish talents by non-possessing these sweetish domestic assets.

"Numerous maritime Booking-gents"

"Mr. Y. Hama, I shall speedishly hand you my boot if you do not imbottle these hot airs. Decant your exclusives with minus delay, otherwisely I shall hire for wages another sportings expert and give you the bag," you rageously impop, Hon. Sir?

Ha, ha, I snither, you are like as the man who dismembered his nose to cut off his face, but lived regretfully ever after because non-able to re-establish same. For I are very in-the-know person and can pump goodish informations where more non-talented persons would secure only a duck or other ignoble nil. But kindly to pass me your ear and I shall breathe you my exclusive as follows vizly: *The Oxford v. against Cambridge speed boat match will be played for a cup on or about Saturday a.m.!* O yes, that makes you bite the dust with remorse for your so brazen and hollow threatenings to me, I wager to bet!

"I—Mr. Y. Hama—O kindly to impardon my so forgiveless defamations of you. Almost I could bag myself or accomplish *hara-kiri* for good sorrows," you whimple, Hon. Sir?

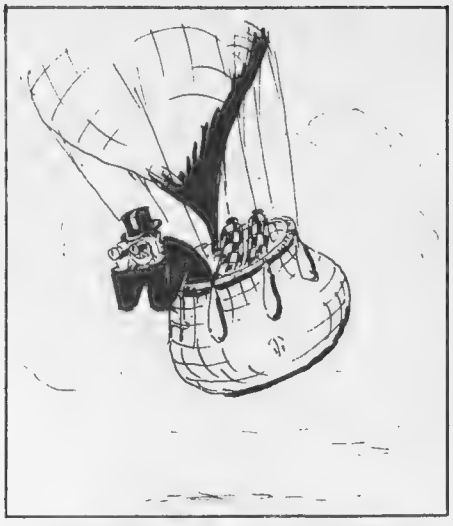
Kindly to shush. You are impardoned because of my so ecclesiastical heart. But, alasly, now I have divulged you this scooping all our Hon. contemporaries will seize to secure it with not any acknowledgements of these sauces, as you shall see. But the following are very patent and copyright, and persons trespassing it shall be prosecuted with law. I refer to re Yogo Hama's Guide to the Boat Race and presented free with this no. of the Hon. BYSTANDER.

The most best place to witness this *fracas* (Anglo-French for combat), says

"Everywhere we witness goodish rejoicings"

the Guide, are up in a balloon or other aerated vessel held in vertical suspense

"Oxford will race v. against Cambridge"



"I should witness the race from a balloon"

over or above the course. The crews (propelling persons) are coloured blue so easily can be distinguished. A gun explodes and then we see these noble XV's start to vigorously propel themselves for who shall be 1-st at the goal, also numerous maritime Booking-gents may be discovered for placing lucrative odds to 1 with. From our atmospheric roost we witness the teams banging their skulls (propelling sticks) against the waves with stupendous h.p, so that scarcely we can see them for dust.

"To suffer great excitements

Cheers, umbrellas and hats rend the air as our speedsters fly past on their billows, beating with their sticks the water into delicious froth. It are indeedly a beautiful spectacular (says the Guide) causing us to thrill and our hairs to extend themselves perpendicularly. But hist! The gun explodes itself again. The combat are over and the Blues have won with a neck. All the enemies have been successfully submerged and the winning XV receives the prize belt for good championships, while a band blows marine airs.

Let us now descend ourselves from our aerated pinnacle and mingle with the *hoi polloi* (French for lower 10's). Everywhere we witness to observe goodish rejoicings for this so gallant victory over enormous odds to 1. Luscious fairs dash to smack kisses on the marine winners, who blush for modesty because so pure and chaste, while witnessing persons ejacule Banzai! or hip equivalently. I shall now intune a very exclusive afflatus for a free supplement. (Patent by Y. Hama.)

Let us ejacule Banzai, or shout hip-hooray,
For this are Oxford v. against Cambridge day.
To-day let us sing, but to-morrow we weep,
For so many brave hearts asleep in the deep.

Provincial and other non-sophisticates should not run away to suppose (says the Guide) that all are now over, because very reversely happens to be the case. Suffused with rejoicings, numerous pro and anti-Blues bandy blows for whether it was a fair combat or composed of fouls, which provides us with cheap entertainings to watch. Also, if bucolics, we may imbibe innocent pleasures by witnessing the police bobs seizing for arrest numerous youthlings because they have committed a breach in the peace and other felonious intents. They are then pulled by their hairs to St. Vine's Street, where they suffer

"Seizing for arrest numerous youthlings"

to be mulct 5/- or a caution, which causes them to grow very vain because of their so great naughtiness (concludes the Guide).

I anticipate to take Hon. paternal relation name of Matsu to this so national sporting. But, alasly, he sustains to suffer great excitements which are very infecting, so that ignoramus police bobs are mislead to suppose he has enjoyed intoxications. If this should non-fortunately proceed to transpire, I shall ring your telephone to provide us good bales, so we may not pine in our legal dungeons.

"Pro and anti-Blues bandy blows"

Hoping, Hon. Sir, you will continue to entertain the best quality healths,

I remain,

Yugo Hama

Meat for Repentance

[A MAN, recently convicted, attributed his downfall to a change, on his marriage, from a fruit to a meat diet.]

When I was a lad I resolved to eat
What the eminent Eustace Miles thinks meet;
I promised my mother I'd never touch lamb,
And I earned faint praises from my dam!
With a rasher of bacon I never would toy,
And they never caught me with a saveloy;
And though you may think it somewhat strange,
I never would chop and I never would change.
So when I got to a man's estate,
You wouldn't find kidneys on my plate;
And I never got into a nasty stew,
Though I had a stake in the country too!
Some fish my appetite might cajole,
Yet with meat I never imperilled my sole!
But when I got wedded to Mary Anne,
She scorned this poor vegetarian;
When I spoke of the risks of a fleshly diet,
She kicked up the deuce of a rotten riot;
When I told her that shrimps make the best of mothers,
I caught it hot from her hefty brothers.
So at last to her wish I had to stoop,
And I jolly soon found I was in the soup;
To please my wife and to stop her chaff,
I had two goes of a fatted calf.
I put away quite a lot that day,
And it followed I also was "put away."
Well, the moral is this: Bring your wife to heel;
If you marry in haste, you'll rePenton ville!

HARTLEY CARRICK

Unexpected Happenings

BY E. T. REED

Now that Lansbury Condemns the "Dole," we mustn't be surprised if—for instance—

(1) The Hottenham Totspurs win the Boat Race.
(2) Mussolini fells to the earth anyone who gives him the Fascisti salute.
(3) A distinguished K.C. declines, for any fee whatever, to harry some wretched woman in the Law Courts.
(4) Charles Chaplin warns the public generally, against those demoralising Cinemas.
(5) Messrs. Augustus John and Epstein decide to dress like ordinary human beings, and so pass unheralded by the Press.

Racing Notions

By "CARBINE"

On the Flat

ANOTHER flat-racing season is now well on the way, and the Lincolnshire Handicap is as interesting as ever. Last week's most important developments were the trials in which D'Orsay and Tapin were engaged. So well did both horses do in their gallops that their prices at once shortened appreciably. Naturally this produced a corresponding weakness in the positions of Parth and Grand Joy, both of whom, however, are perfectly genuine candidates. Their supporters can depend upon getting a good run for their money in each case. My view is that the issue at Lincoln on Wednesday is confined to the four horses I have mentioned, though if you want to have a little on a really long-priced one I think Condover is worth consideration. From a friend at Chantilly who is in a position to know a good deal about Condover, I hear that the horse was never better than he is to-day.

Parth at Lincoln

I MUST confess that although I have been a thick-and-thin Parth man from the outset, I now have a wholesome respect for D'Orsay. For a long time his trainer was doubtful whether he could get him ready in time for Lincoln, but an improvement in the gallops at Lambourn has worked wonders for the horse, and he gave a most promising display in his trial a week ago, making Browside and the rest look very poor stuff indeed. From this we may reasonably infer that D'Orsay has got back to something like his best form. If this be true, students of form must inevitably look askance at Parth's chance of beating him on the handicap. Nobody forgets their placings in the Two Thousand, and now D'Orsay has lumps the better of the weights. Still, it has also to be borne in mind that D'Orsay did not consistently sustain his Guineas form, whereas Parth went on improving. Somehow I cannot bring myself to be a Tapin enthusiast. No doubt he has class on his side, but I know that his temperament is not of the sweetest. He as likely as not to beat himself at the start. Grand Joy has given complete satisfaction in his preparation, and that excellent judge, Frank Barling, has the highest hopes of him. My selection is **Parth**, and I look to D'ORSAY and GRAND JOY to do the best of the others.

Aintree Outlook

THE Grand National is by no means the only important race at Liverpool. It is a bit of a rush getting from Lincoln to the other side of the country after the big handicap on Wednesday, but there is an excellent service of special trains between the two places. The L.M.S. Railway cater splendidly for Aintree from many directions. We look like having a crowd fully up to the usual vast proportions for the great gathering at Liverpool. The cup on Thursday has not enjoyed a big acceptance, but enough horses remain to make it a very attractive race. Lord Derby's colours will not be carried in it, but the Stanley House stable will have a good representative in **Roysterer**, and I regard him as a likely winner. A "saver" each way on SILVER BAND may show a profit.

Some Hints

LORD DERBY is likely to be worth following in such weight-for-age races as the Union Jack Stakes and the Bickerstaffe Plate, and I expect Coulthwaite's selected will go close for the big hurdle race on Saturday. **Ruddyglow** should give Mr. Filmer-Sankey a winning ride in the Foxhunter's Chase, while the Champion Steeplechase may go to **Alcazar**, who is very hard to beat over this particular journey. Condition, of course, is bound to tell heavily in the events on the flat, but to judge by what I have lately seen at various training centres, rather more than the usual number of horses are well forward this time.

Sport and General

A CLEARANCE SAIL

A "close-up" of one of the horses clearing the ditch in the Adjacent Hunt's Race during the Newmarket and Thurlow Hunt Point-to-Point Meeting at Thurlow

A Special Article on the Grand National appears on page 710. See also "The Tout's" cartoons (p. 711), and a double page in colour (pp. 712 and 713) of Becher's Brook, by Mr. H. K. Elcock.

Hunting and Polo Notes

By ARTHUR W. COATEN

Waning Season

EARLY in the present month the weather underwent such a remarkable change that Masters of Hounds are prolonging the season beyond the limits which seemed possible at the end of February. The ground now yields the best going of the whole season, and no real harm can be done in most countries by hunting into April. Several packs, however, are finishing this week, and in some instances the season is already ended. In the Whaddon Chase country they have had their last meet, and it is pleasant to record that under Lord Dalmeny's Mastership sport has been of the best. The troubles which brought this country into such regrettable prominence a couple of years ago are settled for good and all, and the outlook for sport in the famous Vale of Aylesbury was never brighter. Lord Dalmeny's pack can claim a fine record for the past season, having killed sixty-two brace of foxes in the same number of hunting days. Moreover, they accounted for the record number of eighteen badgers during the winter. Whether badgers really do harm in a foxhunting country has long been the subject of arguments. We know at least that foxes and badgers do not agree. Although sometimes they are found to occupy the same earth, it is certain that the retreat has separate chambers. Badgers will occasionally take possession of an earth in which there is a litter of cubs. This invariably means that the foxes have to find fresh quarters.

Recent Runs

THERE has been no lack of good sport this month. Last week the Quorn were in excellent form after their meet at Lodge-on-the-Wolds. The Prince of Wales was among those who came in for a fine run which led the followers into the

Special Press

A GRAFTON "GALLERY"

The Grafton hounds and their gallery of youthful admirers at a recent meet held at Stowe House, which lately was converted into a public school

Belvoir country. The point was between seven and eight miles, and the time was five minutes under the hour, so you will realise that hounds did not loiter on the way. Later came another good hunt of an hour, and the only drawback to one of the best days of the season was that the fox in each case beat the pack by getting to ground. However, there is the consolation of knowing that they live to run another day. The Grafton also had a remarkably good day after their appointment at Stowe-Nine-Churches.

Alfieri

"SPOT" PLAY

Sir John and Lady Grey engaged in that popular pastime of "spotting the winner." The photograph was taken at the Wolverhampton meeting at Dunstall Park

U.S. Army Team

WHEN I referred last week to the approaching visit to London of the American Army polo team the precise composition of the side had not been decided upon. It is now known that Major Louis Beard, who will captain the team, is to be accompanied by Major A. H. Wilson, who was also a member of the U.S.Army team which so unexpectedly defeated our representatives two years ago. Other members of the side will be Captain C. H. Gerhardt, Captain P. P. Rodes, Lieut. E. McGinley, and Lieut. Smith. The first named is a good No. 1. He is described as "a very light man who lies out and is quick as a flash to get away." Captain Rodes has the reputation of being one of the finest players in the American Army. Tremendously powerful, he is said to hit a terrific ball, and is always going great guns. Captain McGinley is very much under-handicapped at two points. He is an extremely pretty player, and very accurate. Altogether the team, which will be well mounted, will give our men a good fight. Colonel-Commandant A. E. W. Harman and the rest of our selection committee are determined to whip up the strongest possible combination against the visitors.

W. A. Rouch

OUT-OF-DOOR FOLK

Miss Dinah Heasman (left) with Mrs. and Mr. B. B. Lemon at the latter's home at Edenbridge. Mr. Lemon is to ride his own horse, Patsey V, in the National

Two Good Sides

I HEAR of several good teams which will play regularly together in the coming season. Captain the Hon. Fred Guest will again have the assistance in the Templeton team of Major F. W. Barrett, who keeps his form marvellously well season after season. The other members of the side are to be Major G. Phipps Hornby and Captain Maurice Kingscote. Some time ago it was stated that the Duke of Westminster contemplated retiring from polo. I am glad to learn that the report was incorrect. He will be playing for an Eaton side this year, and with him will be his son-in-law, Mr. W. Filmer-Sankey, who is leaving the Army in May. Mr. John Traill and Colonel Charles Hunter, will be in the same team, so they should be a pretty good lot.

FIVE OF THE BEST

No. 3 TROON

By The Errant Golfer

ILLUSTRATED BY CUNINGHAM

HEAR how Ernest and I, wanderers about the hospitable Scottish shores, fell among—hosts.

We had been at Ayr for the race week, staying with a king among hosts, who invariably had "heard something" for the 2.30 or the 3.50. And, as is the way of most racing flesh, at the end of that amusing week we were very much "down"; especially Ernest, an inveterate gambler.

Our man, having to leave us for the day to go and make another couple of thousand at his office in Glasgow, hearing we had never played over Troon, began ringing up other men and delivering us into their receptive hands. We were to lunch with them there. Rubbish, they would be delighted. It was a monthly medal day. They would each play with us, and we could mark their cards. The car would be round at nine. The glass was going up . . . splendid. We should like Troon. Also Macsomething and Macother were a jovial couple—not very good players, but good losers, and, anyway, they would give us a good day.

We conferred privily about "the two Macs," as Ernest had christened them. Bankers, he understood they were, which sounded a bit ominous, but their respective handicaps of 10 and 12 gave us a decent chance of bringing *something* back, anyhow. And we were both on our game just then.

A fine, sunny day with a strongish wind. We arrived full of exuberant spirits at the rather imposing clubhouse on the seashore to find a couple of middle-aged, weather-beaten gentlemen who seemed frightfully pleased to see us, but queerly deprecating about their golf. It was really very good of us to mark their cards . . . were we sure we didn't mind? They had heard about our play, and, of course, just a few strokes, to make a game of it. No? Well, as we liked; anything so long as we enjoyed ourselves, *that* was the point. They wanted us to like Troon; we who were playing all over Scotland, we must go away with a good impression. Meanwhile, as it was a chilly morning—what? Some of the pre-War stuff up here. Oh yes, rather; through that door there. . . . I had seldom met a nicer couple of fellows; so complimentary about some of my worst articles; so eulogistic about the indifferent writing of Ernest's last book. And everything was paid for too, green fees, caddies; really it was very charming.

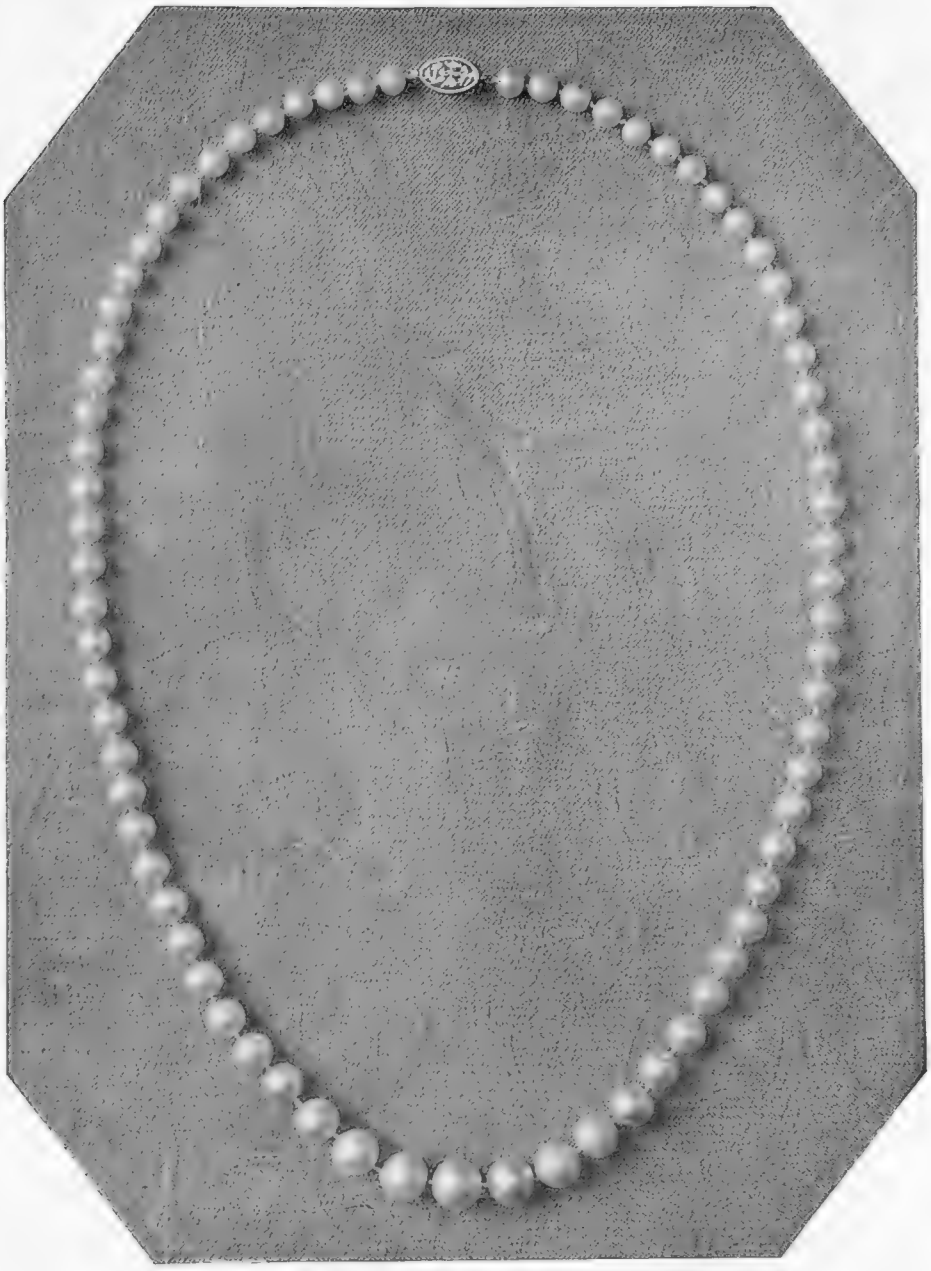
The first tee at Troon is rather a nervy place. Right out in the open, in full view of the clubhouse, with the caddies (Scotch ones, remember) leaning all along the railings. This is palliated by the fact that the hole looks simple enough. No trouble of any kind, apparently, just lovely turf, and a wide sweep of that. I and my man drove first; Ernest, chafing a little round the collar, followed after. Macsomething seemed to get a good deal of slice on his drive, and my spirits rose a point. I hit a longish low shot—but not long enough, giving myself an irritatingly difficult second, for now some grinning bunkers had appeared to the left, and some terribly clinging rough to the right. Being two down at the third tee I began to realise that he was playing most cunningly into the wind, and that his ball was coming round most adroitly. I essayed this guile. . . . It did not come off. It was a new ball, and I never saw it again. Three down.

But all the time he was so charming and sympathetic. "You will get the hang of it in a minute. You could give me quite a number of strokes if you knew this course." That is one of the fascinations of Troon. You have got to know it. And having got upon intimate terms with it you then realise the very next day that you are a mere casual acquaintance, so to speak.

The 7th and 8th, for example,

(*Continued on page 728*)

"It was a new ball and I never saw it again"



A Quality That Only Orientals and Téclas Possess

Iridescence

What most delights the eye of a connoisseur in Técla Pearls is their perfect iridescence—and what is very likely to confuse the amateur is the false brilliance that passes for iridescence in imitations—only two pearls in the world possess iridescence in the true degree: the Oriental and the Técla.

Técla

7 Old Bond Street London

10 Rue de la Paix. Paris
16 Avenue de Verdun. Nice
398 Fifth Avenue. New-York

"Tel-El-Kebir" and "Ailsa." At the former you stand on a raised tee with your back to the thumping sea. When you view this absolutely perfect golfing hole, you begin fidgeting for the fellows playing ahead to get on with it. A slight dog-leg: 370 yards. A well-placed drive to the left of a voracious bunker, on with your second and down in 4—perhaps.

"Ailsa," known by some as "The Postage Stamp." The latter name is more apt. The green sits up as if slapped like a three-ha'penny stamp on to the envelope of rising ground, with trouble all round. Some people call it "a 3 or a 9." That also is apt. It cost me—but here Walter Hagen, too, began his downfall in the 1923 championship. It cost him 5. Indifferently, but with rising optimism because we thought we were beginning to "feel" this great course, Ernest and I struggled home, soundly but most delightfully beaten.

It was they who suggested the four-ball foursome after lunch, and Ernest who suggested the corner stakes—wildly, criminally reckless, I said he was.

"Pooh! we always play better after lunch. Come on: besides we've got the hang of it now—as long as you don't get rattled."

We paid over the prize-money at the 13th hole. . . . We paid over the doubled bye on the 17th tee. . . .

"Seemed to get a good deal of slice on his drive"

Coming on to the 18th tee, being all square on the trebled bye-bye (Ernest's doing, not mine), he began to tell me—stupid ass—about this last hole. Firstly, that we had got to pull ourselves together here for the honour of England, as there were about thirty Scotsmen watching our performance out of the smoking-room windows, and that they all had National handicaps. Secondly, that there were thirteen bunkers between us and our money. That he had been into most of them in the morning. That there was a double row of bunkers on the left-hand side of the green; that it was my drive, and that it would be his second, and my approach. . . . "Now go steady, ol' man, for the love of Mike." . . . Crass lunacy, this trebling. I am always telling him so. . . . That double row of bunkers at Troon. They are like second and front line trenches. I know, because I have been over the top of both!

Nobody could have been more charming than our hosts at the end of that second round—and few people better off financially.

But, as they put it so courteously, it wasn't *their* fault. Certainly not.

NEXT WEEK:
IV.—LYTHAM & ST. ANNE'S

THE BYSTANDER £500 GOLF TROPHY

Tuesday, May 5th. London Country Club, Hendon.

Two years ago the proprietors of THE BYSTANDER presented a handsome Silver Challenge Trophy, valued at £500, for a golf competition, which, both from the novelty of its conditions and the unusual beauty of the Trophy, attracted widespread interest in golfing circles last year and the year before. The third year's competition for the Trophy is to be fought over the London Country Club's course at Hendon on Tuesday, May 5. It is to be a mixed foursome (professional partnered by a lady), played over thirty-six holes. About seventy couples are being invited from clubs within a 30-mile radius of London. Professionals will be rated at plus 4, and their lady partners limited to 14 handicap L.G.U., each pair receiving three-eighths of the combined handicap.

THE TROPHY AND THE HOLDERS *G. P. U.*

Last year's winners, Miss S. Dampney and George Gadd (Roehampton), standing on either side of "The Bystander" £500 Trophy. It will be played for this year on May 5

THE Trophy is a handsome silver centre-piece representing a *combat à l'outrance* between the Earl of Douglas and Hotspur at the battle of Otterburn in 1388. James, the 2nd Earl of Douglas, is mounted on a charger; on his shield are plainly visible the Douglas arms, which the present Marquis of Queensberry now bears. Hotspur—the redoubtable Henry Percy, the 1st Earl of Northumberland's eldest son—is represented by the dismounted figure, bearing on his shield the crest of the Percy family. The centre-piece was made in 1855. It shows extraordinarily fine finish and workmanship, and is valued at £500.

Gibbs takes the lead

No 1 of a series by the famous French Animal Caricaturist. R. de la Nézière.

A Good Start

The favourite jumps away and leads the field. From the first furlong he's all over a winner. Follow a good tip and invest your money now on the unbeatable combination—

Gibbs Dentifrice + Gibbs COLD CREAM Shaving Soap

Large Size, 1/- De Luxe, 1/6
Refills for above, 11d.
Popular Size, 7½d. Tubes, 6d. & 1/-

Shaving Stick in Nickel Holder Case - 1/3
Refills for above - - 1/-

In Enamelled Cases 7½d. & 1/-
Also in Bowls and Tins - - - - 1/6

D. & W. GIBBS, LTD. (Dept. 11AM), COLD CREAM SOAP WORKS, LONDON, E.1.

THE FESTIVAL OF YOUTH

By Blanchette *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

"Whilst the world's roaring at the top of its voice"

LONDON, *March* 23

DEAR COUSIN—

THIS being Boat Race week, there's, somehow, an atmosphere of youth and youthfulness aroun, isn't there, whatever we may happen to be doing, or seeing, or thinking? Quite seems to pervade and flavour things in a manner of speaking, this Festival of Youth that still reigns supreme in a cynical and s'phisticated post-war world—no one quite knows why.

'COS there's really no sort of logical reason or excuse why we should go off the deep end 'bout an affair that only lasts, say, two or, at the most, three minutes if you happen to be watching—anywhere 'cept, of course, from those following boats you can't buy a place on for untold gold, though once I . . . but that, as Mr. Kipling'd put it, is another story. P'raps it's just 'cos they *are* all so young *and* clean and nice, and no hanky-panky about it. 'Sides, 'mong other things, don't have to know aught about any rules or anything, do you, when you're a rowing fan, like at Rugger or Soccer, or cricket, or lawn tennis, or golf?

"Quarter Day"

SO much simpler than the other kind of racing, too—with gees, I mean, like at the Lincolnshire *and* the National this week. Only two runners, and you can't be very hopelessly out even if you do back the wrong one. Not that anyone bets very much on the Boat Race, I b'lieve—and p'raps that's, come to think of it, yet another of the charms of the whole affair. All the fun of the fair and no sordid settling-up afterwards—what?

WHICH reminds me, got 'nother not half so nice date in it, too, this same week wherein we flock riverwards—on Saturday, to be exact—just to see the crews flash by with their wonderful rhythmic sweep while the whole world's roaring, or seems to be, at the top of its voice. Quarter Day, to wit, otherwise Lady Day, tho' why they should blame women for it I really can't think. Upon which sad occasion rents are being d'manded (s'posing you're lucky enough to have anything to pay rent on), and all sorts of other f'nancial operations around, which are always *so* depressing.

STILL, I s'pose these sort of things *have* to happen, like having relations to stay or going to the dentist, and, anyway, apropos of the financial crisis that, like the recurring decimal, is always with us, there's just a chance, isn't there, that next week Winston 'll at least knock a little bit off the inc. tax for us. All of which, once again, is 'stremely comforting and helpful if you've got an inc. to be taxed on. And, anyway, if you're only feeling young enough, what does *anything* matter?

SUCH a lovely time ahead for the debs. who are pouring forth in their thousands to be presented and do all the dances and shows, and have their hands held, and even, p'raps, 'casionally (hush, hush) be kissed in darkish corners, thrilled to the very marrow the while, and then arrive home at some very odd hour g.m. (as they say), dog-tired, but, oh! so happy. Those flippers and flappers (flipper's the name for the male kind, and comes from the U.S., and don't you think it's rather sweet?) ——oh! what a time they do have, to be sure, these days.

"Off to the dentist"

'TWASN'T always so p'raps, or anyway doesn't quite seem so, from what one hears of the way Youth was watched over and shepherded out of all its best times in the bad old days that our parents and people are always making such a song about. When, d'you know, they act'lly had odd people around that they called chaperones—maiden aunts "suffering from ingrowing virginity" (as Fryn Tennyson Jesse so boldly and modernly puts it in her new play, *Anyhouse*, at the Ambassadors), or married ones with an equally eagle eye to prevent a poor girl having even the very first *soupçon* of the most innocent affair with any man till he'd duly called and been to Sunday lunch or something, and 'splained all about his income and relations.

TALKING of aforesaid play, by the way—yes, I know it's not really a good one tho' she's so clever, 'cos she's tried to do too much all at once and in one, and it doesn't work out properly, but . . . Well, there is anyway one awf'ly nice remark in it, when they're discussing all about the house, and whether it's best to be one of those that dwell in the drawing-room 'mong the other ornaments or a member of the 'siderably more exclusive aristocracy of the kitchen. To the effect that "probably the percentage of happiness is higher in the bathroom than anywhere else."

ISN'T it a truly noble sentiment and, oh, dear brethen (and sistren), how utterly and entirely right and true? "Any bathroom" is quite a

(Continued on page 732)

IF YOU DO MISS THE BOAT RACE
THE RACE FOR

Worthington IS WORTH WINNING!

bit of a recipe for simple spotless happiness just to be going on with. And there are some bathrooms . . . oh, what a store of 'citement and expectation ('sides mere wallowing joy) they seem to hold. That one in the Devon hotel, f'rinstance, with a view that looked all over the dewy meadows and softly rounded cliffs to the sunlit, sparkling sea.

An adventure every morning to arrive there, to begin with, owing to tremendous competish., and heads and dressing-gowns popping out from neighbouring doors every minute to see if the coast was clear. And then, as the aforesaid wallow went on to the 'companiment of gnashing from disappointed teeth without, a lovely stir of thoughts and delicious lazy dreams of what to do with this almost too perfect day, whose sunshine was already beginning to make the very bricks of the wall outside the wide-open window fair frizzle with sultry delight. . . .

Not sure that bathroom isn't, some ways, really the *youngest* place in all the world, even in working times—

"Atmosphere of youth and youthfulness around"

you can't be quite serious about it, however much that way inclined, any more than if you're playing with a puppy or, for that matter, watching Mr. Joe Coyne dance, or do a cartwheel, or stand on his head—all of which things he manages to accomplish in that most entirely fascinating of frivolous shows yet, *No, No, Nanette,* at the Palace.

By the way, did you hear they boo-ed Sir Gerald the other night? Quite a sensation as you can imagine, tho' of course it wasn't in the very least his fault. 'N fact, he was giving even more suavely and skilfully and charmingly than usual his usual impersonation of Sir G. du M., but the 'ticular play on the tapis, a somewhat backnumberish one of Mr. Sutro's, called *A Man With a Heart,* wasn't really quite up to the mark.

Youth must be served, as they say. And now—heavens, it's 5.30 a.m. and the birds are singing. . . . I do wish people wouldn't dance so late.

With love, Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

TWO WINNERS AND A CASUALTY—

Leaving Monaco harbour for the racing (left to right): "Enigma" (Mr. Valdamieri, Genoa), first in the six-metre class on the fourth day; "Enchantement IV" (Mr. Meiffre, Paris), winner in the eight-metre class on the same day, and "Liala" (Mr. Mario Bruzzone, Genoa), dismasted in a squall in the same race. Mr. Meiffre also won on the second day

SPORT ON THE RIVIERA

LAWN TENNIS

That return match between Mlle. Lenglen and Miss Ryan seems as far off as ever. Everybody remembers the thrilling situation at Wimbledon last July when "Suzanne's" supremacy on the centre court was really jeopardised for the first time since 1919 by Miss Ryan. The possibility that on the Riviera, where "Suzanne" has hitherto been even more supreme, her supremacy might be challenged again by this same adversary was distinctly intriguing, but it now looks as if we shall have to wait for the next Wimbledon before it materialises. Mlle. Lenglen's "come back," after an enforced idleness of many months, had of necessity to be made more or less tentatively. In deciding upon her Riviera programme she elected to play—in Singles—only at the two tournaments held on the courts of her home club at Nice, although in Doubles and Mixed Doubles she has played, and is playing *par-tout.* From the first Nice tournament Miss Ryan abstained altogether. She had been competing continuously at various meetings for six weeks or more on end, and she felt that the time had come when she had earned something more than "a night's repose." She re-entered the lists—a giantess refreshed—in the following week, but by the time the second (and more important) Nice tournament came round she was again experiencing (I imagine) something like the feeling of the horses which still vie with the vast horde of cars and lorries in carting more or less heavy loads up and down the steeps of Monte Carlo. Incidentally, she had lost a set—a thing which happens to her less often than to anyone else except Mlle. Lenglen—to Miss Woolrych at Menton, and had had to play eight or nine sets in the finals at that meeting. Consequently she elected, though playing in the Doubles and Mixed Doubles, to give the Singles, and her second chance of meeting Mlle. Lenglen, a miss. And, as the poet Gilbert (I suppose I ought to add, of Gilbert and Sullivan opera fame) has so delicately expressed it, "such an opportunity may not occur again"—on the Riviera this season.

YACHTING

In this country, the regattas, like some of the race meetings, last for a week or more. Monaco regatta was a great success. In the five classes which raced each day there were some forty odd competitors, and as the races started at intervals of ten minutes, the sight of the whole fleet strung out all over the course was an extremely pretty one. It is true that there were no "big ships," but this did not matter, to my thinking, at all, for these little vessels in their respective classes are extraordinarily evenly matched. Moreover, as each boat has her class number and her own number in that class legibly shown on her mainsail, and as full programmes were offered gratis to anyone who wanted them, it was easy to follow the proceedings. And since there were no handicaps, you knew that the boat that got the gun at the finish was the actual winner in her class. Of all the finishes that I saw the finest was one in the eight-metre class, in which *Enchantement IV* (M. Meffre) beat *Aile IV* (Mme. Virginie Hériot) by three seconds. *Aile IV* is the boat that has been chosen to represent France against England in the Cumberland Cup next summer, and her fair owner is also the owner of one of the most famous "Magasins" in Paris. These two boats and *Coq-Gaulois* (Messrs. Lesieur) are the cracks of their class. There were only two Englishmen competing, Mr. Ford, of the Royal Thames Y.C., and Sir Duncan Orr Lewis. The latter was the winner, with his *Marsaili* (6.50 metres), of a race from Nice to Menton earlier in the season, but was unsuccessful at Monaco.

H. S. S.

A Very Cross Word Puzzle!

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

"ACROSS: A FORCEFUL EXCLAMATION!"

BUCHANAN'S

BY APPOINTMENT

"BLACK & WHITE"

"FINEST OLD LIQUEUR"

Femina

ON SUPERSTITION

BY "CANDIDA"

"All women are superstitious," says someone in a play we've all been to see because it's more amusing to be made to laugh than to be forced to think. "All" is a tall order, or would be if it weren't always safe to generalise on women. There are so many of us nowadays (aren't we always reminded in what numbers we exceed that superior person, man?) that every shot tells. But it's quite true that lots of women are superstitious, and small blame to them, considering how many great intellects—masculine, of course—have had leanings that way. There was Napoleon, for instance, and his famous cards, and the fact that he never went into battle without consulting them. Not that I believe that story implicitly. Napoleon was an extra busy person, but if the many packs of cards that one meets, all purporting to be Imperial relics, are anything to go by, he must have made time somehow. No less than three ladies I know all claim to own the original pack, and this is not counting the dozens I don't know who are all equally positive. Perhaps being an Emperor, and not exactly economical, he used a new pack of cards every night of his life—a plausible enough explanation, but I don't believe in it myself. A superstitious person sticks to his one pack of cards for a lifetime or so. If you've ever been to a necromancer, you'll have noticed that the fateful cards are always extra dirty cards.

Why not be superstitious? It's the last infirmity of noble minds, or shall we say of outstanding ones? Isn't one always trying to reduce a chaotic world to order, always seeking for some reason, sensible or otherwise, for the way things happen? If the superstitious way isn't exactly the sensible way, still, it is an attempt at some sort of a way. It does, at least, believe in the working of something big and mysterious beyond mortal ken. It does at least open a door, even if it's only a back door, into other, less stuffy regions than the one we move in, regions where the Powers-that-be weave a pattern that isn't of this earth.

To come down from the mysteries of Fate to spilt salt and cracked mirrors, to passing people on the stairs, seeing the new moon through glass, meeting a funeral and walking under ladders, etc., etc., is to drop from the almost sublime to the quite ridiculous. Perhaps there were once some excellent reasons for avoiding those things, but I don't know them, and I don't believe that anybody does. It's easier to come by a superstition (they're all ready-made) than to explain it, or to get rid of it. There's always a vaguely uneasy sense at the back of one's mind, an unacknowledged fear that there might be something in the idea after all, and that it's safer not to fly in the face of a Providence that decrees such unaccountable things. Better to be too careful than not careful enough.

But the good, old superstitions aren't done any more, nobody knows why exactly. Naturally, the young things don't believe in such nonsense and walk gleefully under ladders, and would as soon start on a career, or on a journey on a Friday as on any other day. One charming young woman one has heard of insisted on a Friday, the thirteenth, for her wedding-day, and, out of sheer lightheartedness, had thirteen bridesmaids to attend her. To be consistent they should have worn green, which, presumably, they did, though I can't swear to the fact. And I've no doubt that there were people at that wedding who "wouldn't wonder a bit if things didn't turn out altogether rosy" after such a beginning. They forget that they don't always, even when everything has been done in the way of horseshoes and white heather.

There's no accounting for beliefs. There are still lots of people who can't look number thirteen in the face, and prefer to call it 12A when they have to live with it. But mostly the old, banal superstitions have ceased to count, which doesn't mean that we've got rid of the whole bag of tricks and now walk the world unafraid. Far from it. We're more superstitious than ever, but it must be in some unexpected way, some way so original that it almost deserves to be patented.

There's one superstition that survives even if most of the others are deader than the dodo. Lots of otherwise reasonable people refuse to wear green, even when green is the last word. Jade does not lure them, they won't look at emerald, shun reseda, and almond-green, for all its joyful, springlike air, leaves them cold. Unfortunately, this boycott of green is of British manufacture. They've never even heard of it in Paris. Hence the way they have over there of making it the one and only colour which one must wear, or die; I mean fail, in the attempt to be considered smart. It happens every spring, and always the London shopkeeper lays in a stock of lovely green frocks hoping against hope. Or does he merely forget? Anyway that's one reason why there are always so many green bargains in the summer sales.

TAKING TRIX "Sasha"

Helen and Josephine Trix, who are "trying out" their own revue "Tricks" in the country before braving the theatrical turmoil of the West End

A CABARET WEDDING MARCH L. N. A.

Gordon Norville and Miss Alexander, with chorus—sorry—bridesmaids, in a suitable number of "Heures Joyeuses," the new cabaret at Blanchard's Club

The ORGY

By OLIVER MADOX HUEFFER

Heading by STANLEY LLOYD

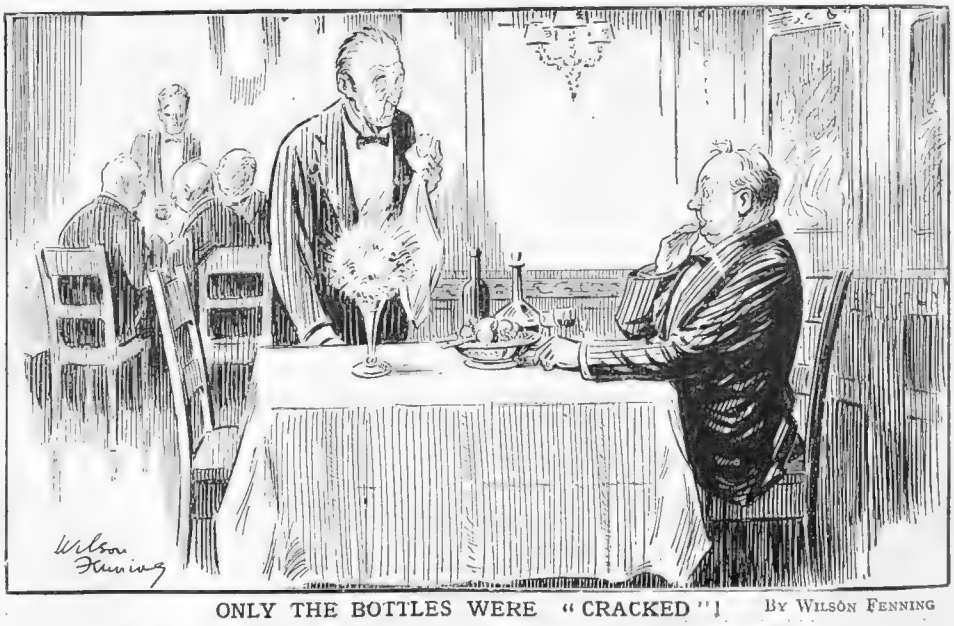
I ONCE knew a very nice old American lady who came to Paris with her husband from the back-blocks of Iowa. When I called at her hotel the day after their arrival, the old lady told me that they had only one life-long ambition still unrealised. "What we want," she told me, with the bright Christian smile that nowadays you only find in America and certain districts of Lancashire, "What we want is to see an Orgy, and perhaps you can tell us where is the best place to go?"

Perhaps because I live in a town which is a dozen miles from Paris and as dully respectable as though it were a dozen miles from Edinburgh, I also have often wanted to see an Orgy. So you can imagine that when a friend turned up from a Surrey suburb and offered to take me to one I was tremendously excited. Because the Orgies of Paris as observed from the Hog's Back, or Todmorden, or even East Weehawken, N.J., are nothing like so alluring as when they are seen from a provincial French town; and my friend, who knows Paris, I suppose, as well as anyone who lives within ten miles of Guildford, told me that the Orgy to which he was taking me was the very latest thing of its kind and the rage of *tout Paris*, and frequented by all the best people of both worlds. So we had rather a good dinner first, because we knew we should need to be at our best, and then we found a taxi and told the man to drive us to the Orgy. We found we were an hour too early, so we put in the time looking at the crowds thronging the carrousels and wiggle-woggles and other attractions of a fair that was being held in the Boulevard de Clichy, and my friend pointed out to me how totally lacking were such people in the knowledge of really delirious enjoyment. Most of them, we agreed, had never been to an Orgy in their lives. When the time came, we went up a very dirty side street, and stopped before a small door that had a suggestive green light burning behind it, and my friend nudged me ecstatically. Then we went in and gave up our coats to a man who was dressed, as my friend told me, in the uniform of a Don Cossack, and was almost certainly a Prince and a Tsarist General—a significant thing in itself—and we passed beneath a curtain and found ourselves in the very vortex of the Orgy.

It was held in a long narrow room, of which the floor and walls and ceiling and tables were all covered with tablecloths, made after the pattern of Paisley shawls. There was an inner door leading to some place that smelt like a number of kitchens, and there was a little recess beside it, in which sat a lady doing accounts, just as does the *patronne* of my favourite *bistro*, only that this was a Princess and almost certainly the wife of a Tsarist General. There was a piano in one corner, flanked by three young gentlemen in evening dress with fiddles; and a number of other young men, dressed as Cossacks, kept hurrying in and out with bottles of champagne so rapidly that they made me quite dizzy. My friend told me that they were all Cossacks—though not all from the Don—and Princes and Tsarist Generals, and that all the really smart Orgies are run by them just at present.

Along the sides of the room, and wherever there was room for them in the middle, were little tables at which ladies and gentlemen were seated drinking champagne. Most of the gentlemen were in dinner-jackets and very solemn expressions, and my friend told me that those of them who were not great statesmen and scions of Royalty were leaders in the World of Crime, and whispered to me to notice how evil were some of their faces. To me they looked very like the people you see in, let us say, Simpson's, only more responsible. The ladies were all very beautifully dressed, and they all had exactly the same smile, with wistfully parted lips and bobbed hair. Nearly all the men spoke English or

(Continued on page 738)



ONLY THE BOTTLES WERE "CRACKED"! By WILSON FENNING

DINER: "Wai'er theshe nu—hic—nutsh very gritty 'sh evening"
WAITER: "Yessir! P'raps you'd find 'em better with the shells off, sir!"

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American, when they spoke at all, and the ladies all seemed to know each other and spoke French. My friend pointed out to me an English Countess and an American cinema star and a French lady, who was the leader of a band of *apaches*, but they all had the same smile, and the same walk, and the same dazzling complexions.

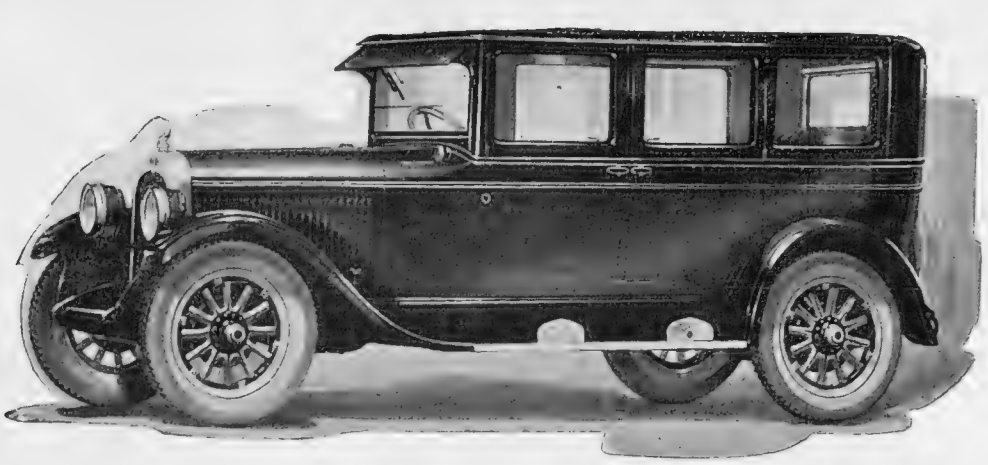
One of the Tsarist Generals found us a place at one of the little tables, and asked us what we would take. I said I should like some warm milk—which I usually drink the last thing before going to bed—and my friend thought he would like coffee, but the General brought us a bottle of champagne, and said it was obligatory and 100 francs, and I did not protest because I was my friend's guest, and did not want to make him feel uncomfortable. Just then a gentleman in a dinner-jacket, who, I gathered, was a Prince and a Tsarist General, but not a Don Cossack, appeared from nowhere, and sang an improvisation that was made up of personal comments on various members of the audience. The English and American revellers must all have understood French perfectly, for they laughed like anything when he told them they were losing their hair or putting on flesh, and things like that. When he stopped, the fiddlers played a melancholy tune that my friend told me was called jazz, and then a lady, who was announced, *tout court*, as a Russian Princess, recited a poem of her own composing, and altogether I was enjoying myself tremendously, when my friend woke me up and told me it was three o'clock, and we got our coats and went out. The Orgy was then at its height, and the Anglo-Saxon revellers looked more solemn than ever, and the ladies were smiling with parted lips like anything.

On the way home, my friend, who was pleased because I told him I had never enjoyed an evening of that kind more, was very enthusiastic about the whirling gaiety of the night life of Paris and very contemptuous of Guildford, which, being English and Provincial, has no idea of real rational enjoyment, and would not enjoy it if it had. And, of course, there is no doubt that if you really want gaiety you must come to Paris. There is no other place like it, so far as Orgies go. O. M. H.

A Willow Pattern "Service"

Stage Photo Co.

Elsa Macfarlane in the "Willow Pattern" number which is one of the most attractive of the items in the new "Midnight Follies" show at the Metropole Hotel



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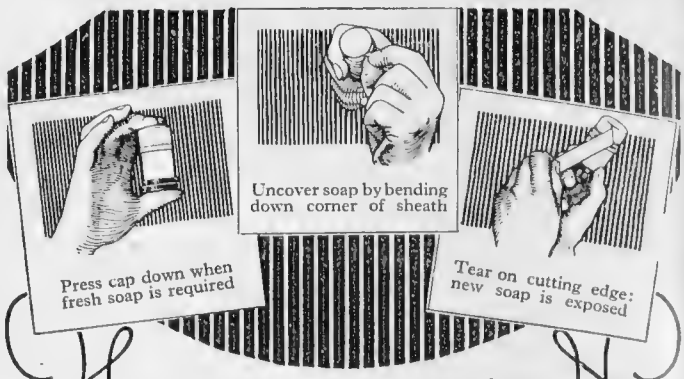

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"Sasha"

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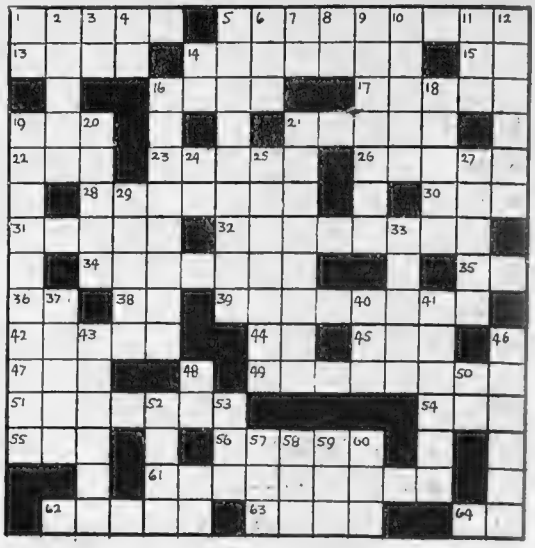
MAINLY THEATRICAL

"The Bystander" Cross-Word Puzzle Competition

FIVE Prizes of One Guinea each will be given to the first five correct solutions opened.

Fill in your solution in ink, also your name and address in the space provided.

Solutions must be marked "Cross-words" on the envelope. Solutions in unmarked envelopes run a grave risk of being disqualified. All answers should be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE BYSTANDER, GRAPHIC BUILDINGS, TALLIS STREET, E.C. 4, and should reach us by first post on Monday morning, March 30. The Editor's decision is final.



CROSS-WORD PUZZLE No. 7

Name.....

Address.....

CLUES:

DOWN

1. Order of Merit.
2. Early edition of Shakespeare's works.
3. Lord Birkenhead's familiar appellation.
4. And (French).
5. On tour.
6. Some say indigestion causes the tint.
7. Old Style (abbrev.
8. Shaw without the "bee."
9. Circumstances of the indigent.
10. Those nuts the Malays chew.
11. Soft (French).
12. Exit.
14. Act.
16. People who get a move on.
18. The Australian nightingale.
19. The tyro's acting.
20. Stage caricature.
21. Famous play by Sir Hall Caine.
24. Name of a note in music.
25. Billy of Musical Comedy.
27. Island in the Bristol Channel (quite untheatrical).
29. Famous theatrical poster printer.
33. Where the coral strands are.
37. Francesca's young man.
40. The middle of drama.
41. Very friendly with Cleopatra.
43. Cymbeline's daughter.
46. What the stage is for.
48. Alternative.
50. Supposing that.
52. Charlotte Bronte's Jane.
53. After the theatre.
57. Mightier than the sword (occasionally).
58. Usually followed nowadays by "War."
59. Letter of the Greek Alphabet.
60. The critic's private opinion.

ACROSS

1. What the "resting" actor awaits.
5. "Sixpence, please!"
13. At champagne time.
14. She puts on.
15. That King of Bashan again.
16. Author of "The Dream of Eugene Aram."
17. Object (verb).
19. Purpose.
21. Follows the ace.
22. Me (French).
23. What the comedian tries to raise.
26. Rehearsals.
28. First house at theatres.
30. The last one makes them scramble.
31. Warble.
32. Light or Low.
34. Author of "Huck Finn."
35. Diana of the Films.
36. Where the "gods" are.
38. King Edward's initials.
39. The box-office's busy day.
42. Claud, the great actor.
44. Concerning (Latin).
45. Own (very Scotch).
47. Isle of Man (abbrev.).
49. What actors should be.
51. Chaps who run away (slangy).
54. Poetical way of indicating a frequent occurrence.
55. The modern tyrant of the road.
56. A circle above a circle.
61. The actor's capital (if any).
62. Appear (stage direction).
63. Tidy.
64. No good (slangy abbrev.).

The solution to our Cross-Word Puzzle Competition of March 11, with names of the five winners, will be found on page 744

By Appointment.

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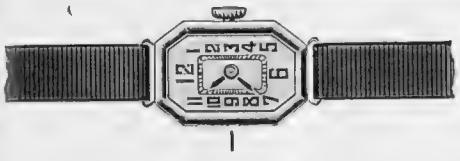

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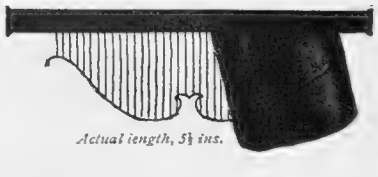
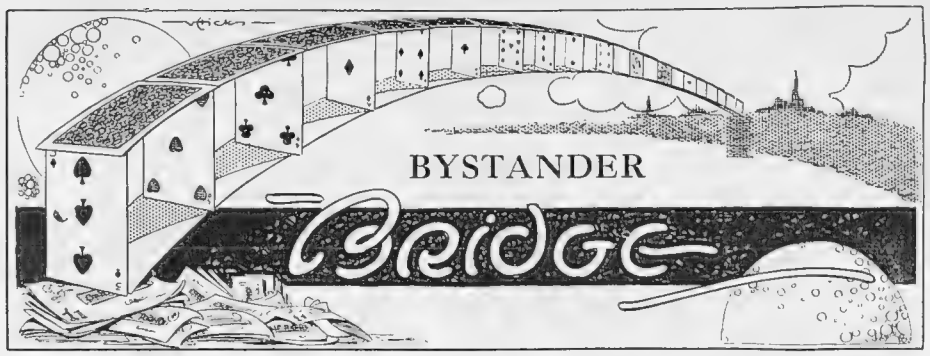


Actual length, 5½ ins.



By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

CARDS OF HIDDEN ENTRY

IMPATIENT PLAYER (*exasperated by his partner's slowness and incompetence*): "Partner, if you play the first card which comes into your head, the odds against it being the right one are not more than 10 to 1. If you stop to think, it may be thousands to one!"

. . . . . .

Slow play at Bridge is to me maddening. I would rather not play the game at all than sit down to a rubber with players who take an intolerable time over bidding, and who pause unduly before parting with a card. All the same there is no reason why one should be hustled. Some players in their horror of slow play go to the other extreme and exhibit annoyance if anyone at the table stops for a moment to think.

. . . . . .

This is often the case at the very first trick. Dummy is exposed, and the Declarer pauses for a few seconds before playing from Dummy. The impatient player chafes at the delay and cannot see why Declarer should hesitate. That is just where he is wrong. It is at the beginning of the game before the first trick is played that the Declarer is entitled to pause. In fact, I would go so far as to say that it is the mark of the good player to take a little time before he plays to the first lead.

As soon as Dummy is exposed and before a card is touched, the experienced player should form his plan of campaign. If he is playing a No-Trumper he should plan which suit or suits he should try to establish and mark especially where he wants the lead and what cards of entry, certain and potential, Dummy possesses. If he is playing a trump declaration, he should decide as to whether trumps should be played straight out as soon as he can, or whether he should first try to give Dummy a ruff or clear a plain suit. Subsequent developments may cause him during the play to change his plan of campaign, but at least he starts with a sound notion of what he is out to do. A few seconds thought at the start will save the necessity of deliberation later, and as a rule a good player, having once mapped out his plan, plays his cards quickly.

. . . .

In his preliminary examination of the strength of his combined hands, Declarer should note especially whether Dummy has a sufficient number of obvious entries to enable him to lead from Dummy as often as he may desire. Sometimes when the number of obvious entries is not sufficient, he may be able to play in such a way as to *make* some card an entry. This is what the Americans call "finding a hidden entry."

As Mr. Milton Work puts it: "There are many Dummies which contain valuable hidden entries which may be found if Declarer stops, looks and reasons before he makes his first play. While the nature of those hidden entries vary with the characteristics of the individual hand, there are a few types with which every Auction player should be familiar."

. . . .

The simplest case of hidden entry is making good an additional card in Dummy by Declarer playing an unnecessarily high card or cards from his own hand.

Take this position—

S—x, x, x.
H—x, x, x.
D—x, x, x.
C—A, K, Q, 3.

Y

A *B*

Z

S—A, K, J.
H—A, Q, J.
D—K, Q, x.
C—J, 10, 9, 2.

Z is playing a No-Trumper, a Spade is led, and he takes the first trick, with the Jack. Now numerous players would be content to play out this hand almost mechanically, and take certain game. They would make the four Club tricks, then lead a Heart and finesse. But the expert player would see the possibility of making little slam if the cards lie right and Dummy can be put in often enough. It may be necessary for Dummy to lead *four* times; twice towards Hearts and twice towards Diamonds. Declarer should, therefore, lead Jack of Clubs from his own hand and over-take in Dummy, lead from Dummy towards the Hearts or Diamonds, then again lead one of the high cards from his own hand, and again over-take. If both adversaries follow suit it is safe to lead the third round of Clubs high from Z's hand, and for the third time to overtake, thus making the 3 of Clubs a fourth card of entry. In this way if King of Hearts and Ace of Diamonds lie with B, Z makes a little slam.

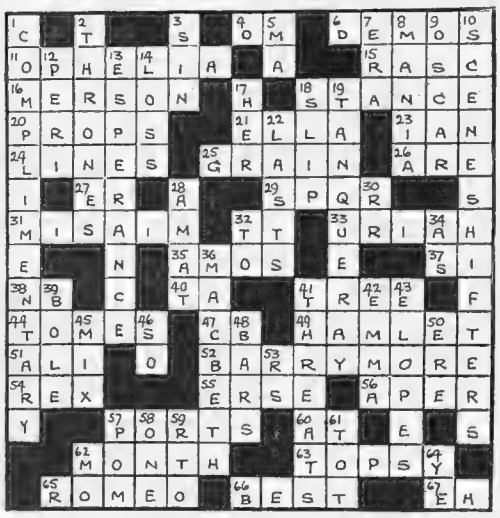
. . . . . .

Always be on the look-out for these cards of hidden entry, as the creation of them may make all the difference to the game. Take this case: Score: Game all. Hearts are Trumps, and Z, Declarer, holds—

S—9, 5. H—A, K, Q, 9, 6, 3. D—A, Q. C—K, Q, J.

Dummy puts down a trickless hand, but holds Hearts 5, 4, 2. Spades are opened, and on third round Z trumps in. Now most players would trump with their smallest Heart. But a little inspection will show that it is possible if the adverse Hearts are divided two and two to make the 5 a card of entry in Dummy. Z should, therefore, trump with his 9 or 6, and lead out two rounds of trumps. If both adversaries follow suit, he can then put Dummy in by leading his three of Hearts and Dummy can lead a Diamond for him to finesse.

This will show you the principle of the thing. The case occurred in actual play, and I have no hesitation in saying that nine out of ten players would have missed the opportunity. But for this play Z would not have made game, as he would eventually have had to lead away from his Diamonds, and would have lost two Spades, a Club, and a Diamond. As it was, he found the King of Diamonds with B and the finesse came off, and he lost only two Spades and a Club.

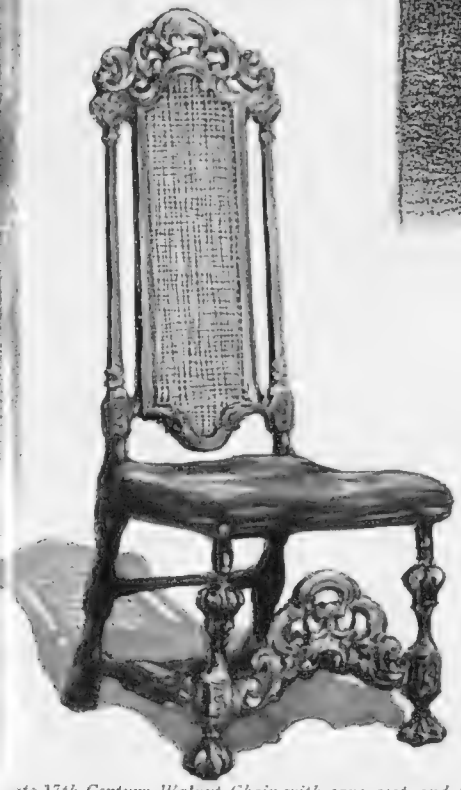


The Solution of Cross-Word Puzzle No. 5

ABOVE is the correct solution of the fifth Theatrical Cross-word Puzzle, printed in our issue of March 11. The names and addresses of our prize-winners (the first five correct answers opened), are given below:—

MISS A. E. HADDON, Penwortham Hill, Preston, Lancs.
MRS. CATHERINE ARKELL, Craigmount, Battledown, Cheltenham.
MRS. E. ALLAN, Beechlea, North Road, Glossop, Derbyshire.
MR. H. N. MARKS, 15, Park Place East, Sunderland.
MR. B. V. FINLAY, Warfield Grove, Bracknell, Berks.

The Hall, Audley End, Essex.



...ate 17th Century Walnut Chair with cane seat and back. ...s chair is a typical example of a style prevalent in the ...ansitional period of furnishing, between the primitive but ...rectical designs of mediaval days, and the more ornate styles which accompanied the Renaissance.

Too Large for a King

DISCUSSING the colossal mansion built by the Earl of Suffolk at Audley End, the caustic comment of King James was that it was too large for a king, though it might do for a Lord High Treasurer. Suffolk boasted that over £200,000, an enormous sum at that time, was spent on the building, and gossip was not too kind in suggesting the means by which the Lord High Treasurer raised the necessary funds.

Charles II did not share King James's opinion of Audley End. He purchased the place for £50,000, but only £30,000 of this was paid, and the Merry Monarch made no effort to pay off the mortgage on which the balance of the purchase price was secured.

Despite the prodigality of Suffolk, his palatial home was not regarded as a masterpiece of architectural beauty. Pepys records that only the gallery, since destroyed, was good, but paid high tribute to the cellars, "where we went down and drank much good liquors." Later owners were evidently of somewhat the same opinion, for a great part of the original building was removed and alterations made to the remainder which certainly give the present grey stone building, with its curious composite Italian style, a most noble and attractive appearance.

In view of Pepy's description of the cellar contents, John Haig Scotch Whisky might well have been among the "good liquors" stored there, for even in the diarist's day, nearly 300 years ago, this world-renowned whisky was sought after and duly esteemed for its superlative quality.

Dye Ken

John Haig?

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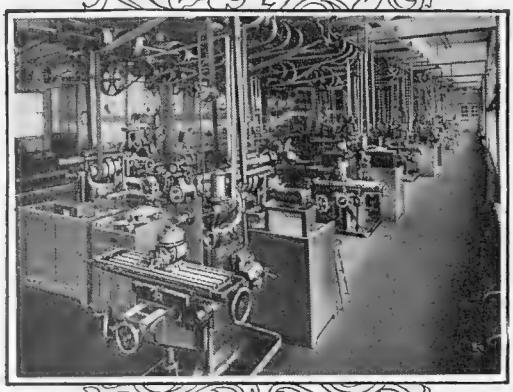
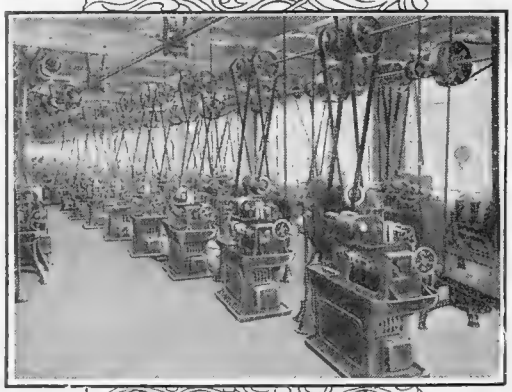


Part of Tool Room where the tools are made for manufacturing His Master's Voice products



Some of the Automatic Screw Machines used in making "His Master's Voice" products.

A section of the Saw-Mills, Cabinet Factory.

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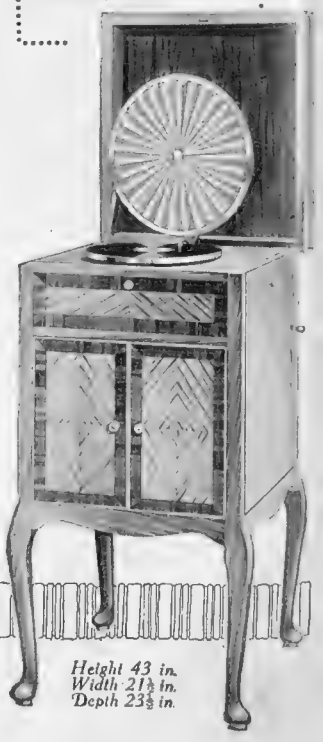

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A Bystander among the BOOKS

By RALPH STRAUS

THE spring rush of novels is beginning, and already one has a fairly wide choice. The reviewer naturally turns with the greatest eagerness to the first novels. Of these easily the most promising I have read is Mr. Cuthbert Baines's quaint and unusual story, *The Down Train* (Arnold : 7*s.* 6*d.* net). It is a difficult book to describe, and a skeleton of the rather extravagant plot would be out of place. Briefly what happens is this : an entirely respectable Civil Servant, living in a suburb, with a liking for carpentry in his spare time, is suddenly persuaded to take the " down " train one morning instead of the " up." He is straightway whirled into a very curious adventure in which the Fraternity of Beauty and Purpose, a hatter who is not nearly so mad as he seems, a very nice girl with a brute of a father, an inventor who always wears gloves, and a blackmailing editor, all play their parts.

THE story itself is delightfully impossible, but suffers not at all on that account. Mr. Baines has a pretty wit. He can be satirical in the most whimsical way, and there is nothing callow in his writing. And his prescription—to take the " down " train whenever you can—is one which all of us would be eager to follow—if we could. His book has exceptional merits, and will be greatly enjoyed.

IT has come at last—the great attack on Sherlock Holmes and every one of his imitators. Sir Basil Thompson is no longer at Headquarters, but he can surely speak with authority. And what an attack he engineers! *Mr. Pepper, Investigator* (Castle : 7*s.* 6*d.* net) is " the great American detective." The newspapers are constantly telling you that he is the greatest detective in the world. He would never think of following an obvious clue, he would never refuse to see a reporter, and he would scout the idea that the only person with a real motive for committing a crime could ever be guilty. One is bound to say that he is not as successful as he might be—not nearly so successful, for instance, as his amateur assistant—but that is not to say that his cases are not thrilling.

INDEED, the whole book is most excellent, for although poor Mr. Pepper is being guyed all the time, his cases are really interesting in themselves. I was amused to find that old story of the mother and her daughter in a Paris hotel cropping up again, but Mr. Pepper's other adventures all seem original. You cannot help feeling that Sir Basil Thompson has scored heavily. The detective of fact and the detective of fiction hardly belong to the same family. It may be a pity, but there it is. But you must read this book, which, I assure you, will not spoil your taste for the Sherlocks who will continue to be invented.

MR. CONAL O'RIORDAN'S new book is a most unexpected piece of work. *The Age of Miracles* (Collins : 7*s.* 6*d.* net) hardly seems to be the work of the man who wrote those volumes about Adam of Dublin. Yet it is just as good and gracious as they were. It is a curious story, told in a very charming way. The world looks on Lord Dazincourt as the traditionally wicked peer, and he is nothing of the kind. His troubles may be the result of a quixotic strain in his character, or they may be due to the fact that he happened to live through the Great War, when miraculous things were constantly happening. In any case there are half a dozen coincidences in the story which would not be acceptable but for Mr. O'Riordan's amiable manner and style. You may think

THE GREEN VRAIC CART, JERSEY

We reproduce here two examples of Mr. Edmund Blampied's work as an oil painter, now being shown in an interesting exhibition at the Leicester Galleries. Mr. Blampied, whose etchings are well-known and are much sought after, is no stranger to Bystander readers. The present exhibition of oil paintings is his first since 1923, and will enhance Mr. Blampied's already considerable reputation

URRUGNE : A STUDY FROM THE BASQUE COUNTRY

that Lord Dazincourt remains too vague, but I fancy you will enjoy his story more than any other of his creator's books. There is wit and humour on every page, and a fairylike element throughout, and Beatie for all her rudeness is an adorable young creature. See that the book goes down on your library list.

⁂

It seems strange to think that when Monte Carlo was "started," it was generally believed that it could never be a financial success. And, indeed, the Blanc family were obliged to surmount all manner of obstacles before those out-of-the-way rocks jutting out into the Mediterranean were brought within reach of the world and turned into a gay paradise. Mr. Charles Kingston tells the story of the transformation in *The Romance of Monte Carlo* (Lane: 15*s*. net). It is a dramatic enough story, with its tragi-comic gamblers and its crimes, its Royal pensioner, and its queer *salons*. It has been condemned in all quarters, and hardly a day has passed for the last fifty years without *something* out of the ordinary happening. It is not a new story, of course, but Mr. Kingston has done his work very well, and the early photographs which he reproduces are of quite unusual interest.

⁂

When our distinguished authors venture abroad they are generally good enough to give us their "impressions." Sometimes it happens that distinguished strangers visit England and do likewise. You probably remember Professor Stephen Leacock's fairly recent discovery of this country. It was a startling revelation. Now he is followed by Karel Capek, the author of *R.U.R.*, whose *Letters From England* (Bles: 7*s*. 6*d*. net) are most entertaining. Our visitor did not stay very long, but he stayed long enough to discover that it is not safe to live in London, that Sherlock Holmes's house in Baker Street is not to be found, that Englishmen, oddly enough, are allowed to walk on the grass, that our cathedrals are astonishingly fine, that the old men in Scotland cannot be distinguished from their wives, that Ireland is a dangerous place, and that at Madame Tussaud's you are liable—or, rather, were liable before that disastrous fire — to make mistakes in physiognomy. It is all very jolly and never ill-natured.

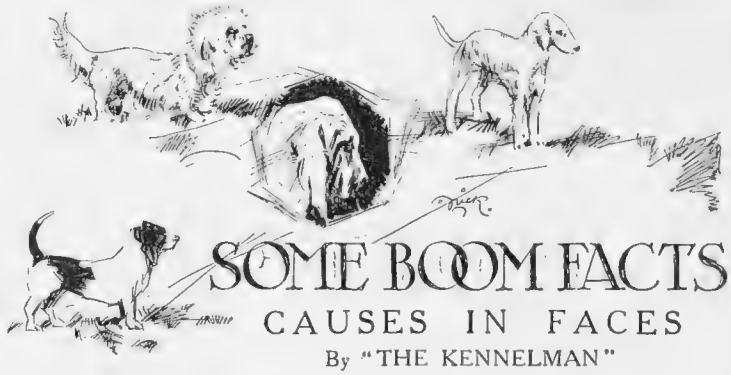
THE TRUTH ABOUT AN AUTHOR!

Mr. Lauri Wylie, the well-known librettist, getting down to work, despite an anything-but-easy chair. He is the author of the book of "Better Days," the new Hippodrome revue, his fifth consecutive revue at this home of song and laughter

⁂

Although there is nothing particularly original in Lady Scott's new novel, *Another Man's Wife* (Nash and Grayson: 7*s*. 6*d*. net) there is a pleasant little story and a quite first-rate character in Honoria. Honoria is, indeed, good to meet. She is one of those single ladies, well-born, who knows everybody, and has no private means of her own. How does she live? Well, she is one of those restful people to whom you go automatically when in trouble. Most of the people in Lady Scott's book go to Honoria and when she has helped them, give her presents. And she is so busy arranging other folks' affairs that she has little time for her own. When, however, one Dick appears things change—including her methods of earning a livelihood. It is not really Honoria's story, but it is Honoria who dominates the book and it is she whose happiness you are keenest to be assured of, when the love-story of Hetty and Mark has run its course.

R. S.



SOME BOOM FACTS

CAUSES IN FACES

By "THE KENNELMAN"

Manchester's Championship Show opens to-day and concludes to-morrow; and the prophets reckon it a record-breaker. Another three weeks will bring us the big Holland Park Show; and in May we are one and all to descend upon Ranelagh, with our Dogs in unprecedented "over-establishment" battalions, for the Show in aid of Lord Haig's Fund. The Whippet-racing, under Lord Lonsdale's personal supervision, will introduce this sport, and the famous little Race-Dogs, to wide circles of Southrons. While less costly than horse-racing, there's more first-hand fun in Dog-racing, according to its enthusiasts. (Information should be sought from the Whippet Club, or from Mr. B. S. Fitter, 4, The Grangeway, Grange Park, N.21.)

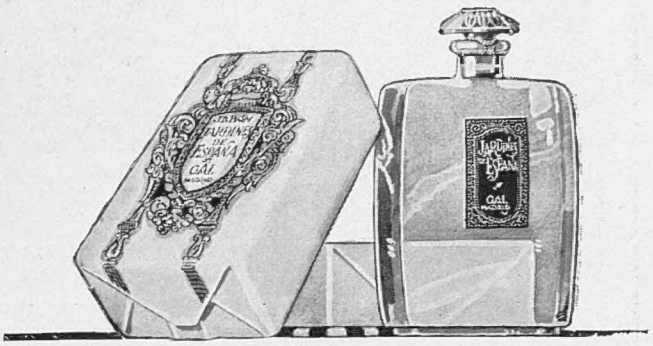
"The boom in Dogs has become such a big thing," writes Miss H. D. Rivers, "that I suppose its causes, like its different manifestations, must be attributable to many quarters. Pure business probably lies behind the surprising crop, now thick on the ground, of new dealers and advertisers; though I notice many of 'em cultivate the silly old pretence that business is their last thought; 'good homes,' and all-round benevolence being their really long suit. But in the case of certain breeds that still have a hint of authentic caviare about 'em—Bassets, Bedlingtons, Bloodhounds, Dandies, etc.—you must permit us to trace the cunning of your own hand, Mr. Kennelman, and the direct influence of Bystander Notes. Irish Wolfhounds, too—welcome access of public interest, I'm sure—and really rather surprising, too. What used the big public to know or care of such breeds; or of Cockers, for that matter? Perhaps the proselytising ought to include hints of warning; for these distinguished breeds are not quite of the canine proletariat — not quite the same thing as Fox-Terriers, are they?"

Far from it. Quite different. But not, as Kennelman sees it, at any point which seems to demand "hints of warning." Youngsters of the fascinating breeds named are not specially difficult to rear; nor even more difficult to turn out in what is considered "show form," than the democratic Fox-Terrier. "Surprising?" Well, not very. Study the photographs of typical heads in these breeds, as seen in the doggy press. There was Foxham Merrythought the Cocker, for instance, on the front page of *Our Dogs* early this month; a beautiful and speaking face; very rich in the qualities of intelligence and lovableness; or, such a head as that of Mrs. Foster Rawlins' Basset, Ragout; or as one of Mrs. Edmunds's Bloodhound whelps, of princely lineage, closely kin to such exquisites as Boswell and others of Ledburn; or as one of I. W. Everett's young Irish Wolfhounds. They have the stuff in them that commands love. And the more the better, for there is no end to the fascination inherent in these distinguished and delightful canine families. There is absolutely no crab about them, that Kennelman knows of. Therefore, why "warning"? Nay; congratulation only. More power to their respective elbows; and the best of good luck to the ever-growing body of those for whom their manifold charms are more or less new!

If "warning" is wanted anywhere, it is in the *feeding* of puppies at this season, when so many are being adopted into new homes. Two points are vital: Insist on the breeder supplying full and accurate dietary sheet of the pup's *régime* when you get him. Advance slowly; change gradually; avoid sloppy meals; let there be not less than 50 per cent. minced raw lean to 50 per cent. farinaceous foods; slops distend, which is undesirable; lean meat feeds, and builds up the baby canine frame—which *is* desirable.

GAL

"JARDINES DE ESPAÑA"
(GARDENS · OF · SPAIN)



THE GLAMOUR OF SPAIN

FOR the first time in History the haunting glamour of Andalusia is brought to the toilet tables of English beauty.

In Gal Perfumes ("Jardines de España") the fragrance of the orange groves of old Seville is captured and concentrated. In these, the world's most famous perfumes, the dainty enchantment of Azalea flowers mingles with the subtle delight of Magnolia essence, creating an atmosphere of fragrant starlit nights reflected in the indescribable Mediterranean blue.

Gal "Jardines de España" is a concentration of all that is sweetest in the beautiful gardens of Spain. It is found at its best in Jardines de España Toilet Soap, in Jardines de España Complexion Powder, and in Jardines de España Perfumes.

The first gives to the skin of its user that delightful bloom and velvety softness which have made Spanish Beauty the envy of the world. The second adds an invisible and almost intangible protective veil, while a single drop of the third imparts a delicate fragrance which has no equal in Perfumery Art.

These three are typical of all in the wonderful range of "Jardines de España" toilet requisites—the finest in Spain and the best known in Europe—now offered in England for the first time.

"Jardines de España" Soap, per tablet	1/3
"Jardines de España" Perfume, per bottle	12/6
"Jardines de España" Powder, per box	2/6

SOLE AGENTS

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MOTOR NOTES

By GEORGE C. STEAD

AT HAMADAM

Major Forbes-Leith with his Wolseley car, Felix, beside the Lion of Xerxes at Hamadam. The photograph was taken on his car journey from London to Quetta

A ROUGH PASSAGE

Major Forbes-Leith traversing a river-bed "somewhere in the Balkans," in his Wolseley car in which he travelled from Piccadilly Circus to Quetta—a journey of 8,527 miles

WHAT causes the greatest trouble on the road? Any fine week-end a number of cars are to be seen stopped by the roadside with various troubles, some slight and some serious. The slight ones are soon rectified, but the serious ones may result in the car having to be left by the roadside. Some figures have recently come into my possession which show a careful analysis of the more serious troubles which occur, resulting in the temporary abandonment of the car. The figures are compiled by the R.A.C., and represent the causes of members making use of the "Get you home scheme."

IGNITION trouble is obviously the most serious, as over a fifth of the causes were due to this, more than 1,000 cases having been dealt with. Next in order is trouble connected with the shafts in the back axle. More than 600 cases of these were reported or over one-eighth of the total. Accidents resulting in the disablement of the car were only a very little less. These three causes between them were responsible for nearly half of the total cases reported. No other cause of breakdown was responsible for more than 6.4 per cent. of the total. Valves, which were such a bugbear in the early days of motoring, now appear to be one of the most reliable parts of the engine, while lubrication faults show a drop of 2 per cent., as compared with 1923.

* * *

THE journey made by Major Forbes-Leith on a Wolseley car from Piccadilly Circus to Quetta was a wonderful performance. The car covered altogether 8,527 miles, of which 2,850 were without road or track, 1,500 of waterless deserts, 249 of railway sleepers, and 100 on bottomless sand. In the whole of this journey there was only one mechanical breakdown, and that was due to hitting a vast and immovable rock which bent, but did not break, a key in the steering. This trouble was rectified on the road, and afforded excellent testimony to the toughness of Wolseley material. The successful accomplishment of this trip was recently celebrated by a luncheon in London, graced by the

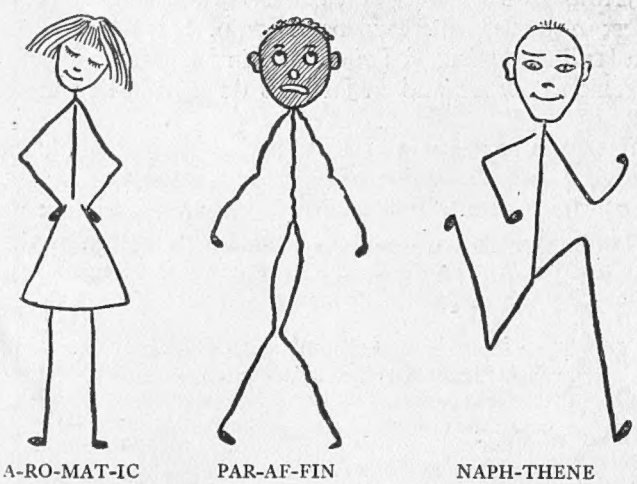
(Continued on page 752).

The Three Hy-dro-car-bons

A Serial Story

Chapter I

Introducing the Hy-dro-car-bon Family



A-RO-MAT-IC PAR-AF-FIN NAPH-THENE

(Watch for Chapter II)

Quality Features

BEAN

Why you should Buy a Bean

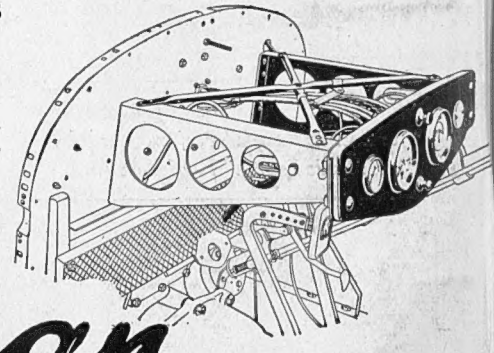
Series No. 2 ***The Instrument Board***

The Instrument Board is a key to the quality of the car it adorns. By th Instrument Board does the experienced motorist judge the completeness of the ca But it is also *behind* the Instrument Board that the quality of the Bean is indicate As will be seen from the illustration below, all the instruments, the wiring, th fixtures, the board itself are an integral part of the Chassis. Nothing is left to ad when the body is built—nothing is semi-detached—the Instrument Board is complet —a complete unit. This is but another of the quality features essentially Bea

The "Twelve" from £298. The "Fourteen" from £395

Dunlop Tyres Standard.

A. HARPER SONS & BEAN LTD.,
Head Office and Works: DUDLEY, Worcs.
London Showrooms: 11a Regent Street, S.W.1.
'Phone: Gerrard 7672-3.
Wires: Salobean, Piccy, London.
Export Dept.: 4a Cambridge St., Edgware Rd., W. 2.
'Phone: Gerrard 7674-5.
Wires: Delivabean, Padd., London.

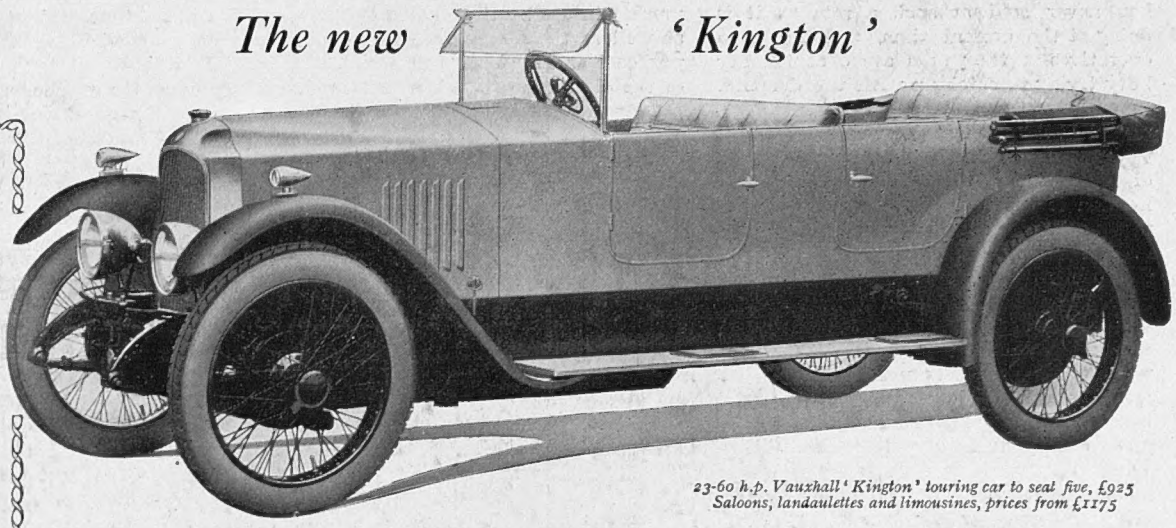


Bean

"The Milestones Know"

23-60 VAUXHALL

The new 'Kington'



23-60 h.p. Vauxhall 'Kington' touring car to seat five, £925
Saloons, landaulettes and limousines, prices from £1175

Power exceeds 65 b.h.p.
Balanced engine ensures smoothness of running.
Vauxhall four-wheel braking.
Wheelbase 10 ft. 10 ins.
Body flexibly mounted.
Back cushion, forty-six ins.
Front seat adjustable.
Excellent all-weathers equipment.

ECONOMY
Tyre mileage records, 17-20,000 miles per set.
22-23 m.p.g. at good speeds.

Vauxhall
THE CAR SUPEREXCELLENT

DEFERRED PAYMENT ARRANGED

The car with the balanced engine and the simplest four-wheel braking

TO be truly balanced an engine must have *balance in motion.* This is ensured by the Lanchester harmonic balancer fitted to the 23-60 h.p. Vauxhall. The smooth speed of the 23-60 Vauxhall is a delightful and surprising quality of the rarest kind.

Another striking feature is the Vauxhall four-wheel braking system. The linking of cable-operated front brakes with a transmission brake is its characteristic. The safety of this system lies in its strength and simplicity; in the independence of the two sets of brakes, which have separate sets of drums; and in its unusual progressiveness and evenness of action.

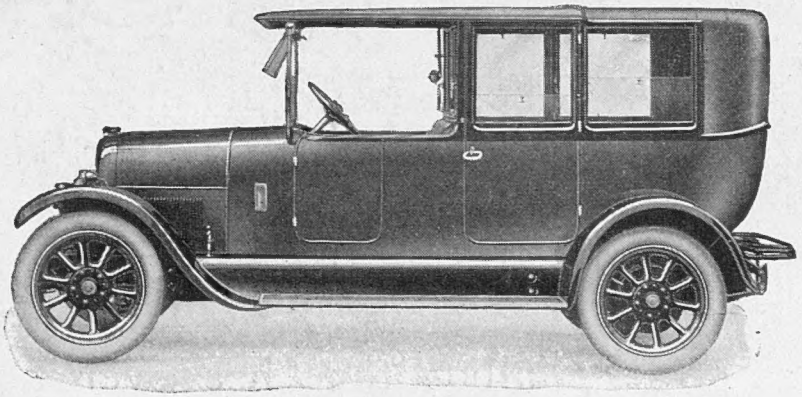
14-40 h.p. from £595

VAUXHALL MOTORS LIMITED, LUTON, BEDFORDSHIRE
LONDON: 174-182 GREAT PORTLAND STREET, W.1
Telephone: Museum 8216 (3 lines)
LONDON AGENTS: SHAW & KILBURN LTD., 20 CONDUIT STREET, W.1

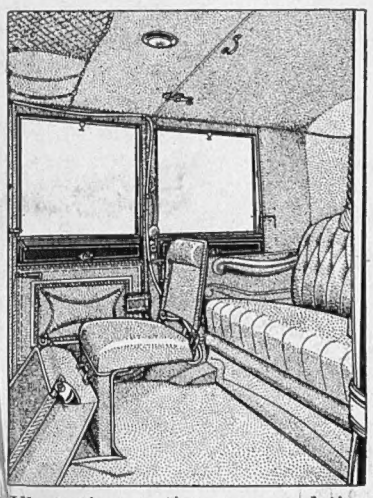
30-98 h.p. from £1150

FIAT

The Car of International Reputation



15/20 h.p. Landaulet
£695 (Tax £14)
Gradual Payments Arranged.



Illustrating seating accommodation and auxiliary seats.

The Car for all occasions.

Designed to carry six passengers.
The coachwork is one of the finest examples of British craft.
The interior is luxuriously appointed, and no detail has been omitted to ensure the acme of comfort.
The upholstery is in Bedford Cloth with silk laces to match.
Cabinet work is inlaid mahogany, and the internal fittings include speaking tube and fitted companions.

Standard equipment for touring cars and chassis includes: Electric lighting set and starter, 5 lamps, clock, speedometer, spare wheel and 5 Michelin Cable Tyres. Any type of coachwork supplied.

FIAT (England) LIMITED
Registered Offices & Showrooms:
43-44, ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON, W.1
Telephone: Gerrard 7946 (4 lines). *Wires:* Fiatism, Piccy, London.
Works - Wembley, Middlesex.

WARNING.
With every Fiat car a full guarantee is issued by this Company.
Every purchaser should obtain this guarantee and see that it bears the chassis and engine numbers of the machine purchased.
The public is warned not to purchase a car without this guarantee.

presence of the President of the Board of Trade. The chairman of the Company, Sir Vincent Caillard, took the opportunity of announcing that the Wolseley car has never sold at such a rate as it is doing at the present time, and the 5,500 operatives at the works are exceptionally busy trying to catch up with the demand.

* * *

One of the greatest deterrents to the owner-driver to make use of his car for theatre work in London is the fact that there are very few places where he can leave his car. To make things easier for the owner-driver, the Automobile Association has prepared a map showing the location of the London theatres and of the garages convenient for motorists using their cars for theatre journeys, which will enable the garage nearest to a given theatre to be quickly found. With the map is provided a booklet setting out the police regulations for preventing obstruction in the neighbourhood of theatres in so far as they relate to private cars.

* * *

Any Bystander who is interested in modern aircraft should certainly have in his possession a copy of a most artistic album recently published by the makers of the Napier aero engines. The album is one of the most magnificent productions I have seen and gives full page illustrations of every make of aircraft, in this country and abroad, which is fitted with either a Napier "Lion" or a Napier "Cub." The book is most informative, as it shows the widely differing types of aircraft at present in use by the British Government, as well as those employed for commercial purposes and by foreign States. The price of the album is one guinea per copy.

NEARING THE TOP

A 10 h.p. Lea-Francis nearing the summit of Beggar's Roost Hill, in the recent tests. This car is practically identical with the 10 h.p. Lea-Francis which received the Special Award of the R.A.C. for Hill-climbing, Constant Reliability and Condition-after-trial, in the recent six-days' trials

After many years of evolution, the British built motor-car now occupies a premier position among the engineering products of the world. It will be generally realised that the best British designs cannot be excelled by those of any other nation. In order to impress on the minds of British buyers the excellence and dependability of the British products, the Association of British Motor Manufacturers has been conducting a widespread publicity campaign. The Association lays particular stress on the fact that it does not in any way disparage the foreign-built car, but wishes to impress on the mind of the British buyer that both for patriotic and economic reasons it is better to "Buy British."

* * *

The opening rally of the Junior Car Club was a cheery affair. The first thing that happened to the members and friends when they arrived was that they suddenly had a cross-word competition sprung on them. This was a perfect beast, and I soon gave up the hope of solving it, but evidently there were many keener brains than mine there, as many got the correct result. The next item on the programme was a dinner and a very pleasant dance. Functions such as this do much to promote the social side of club life, and this one served as a fitting opening to the Club's activities for the season. G. C. S.

INVINCIBLE

The finest guarantee of lasting satisfaction is to purchase a car that bears a famous name. Makers who have a great reputation and tradition to keep up, take no chances. The new 18-55 h.p. six-cylinder is the best Talbot that has ever been built.

The complete car includes four-five seater body of the highest quality, with full equipment, and is fitted with four-wheel brakes. Coachbuilt saloon, Weymann saloon, limousine, landaulette and other types of body are available.

18/55 *h.p. Six-Cyl.* TALBOT *Touring Car* £825

CLEMENT TALBOT LIMITED, KENSINGTON, W

Telephone : Park 5000. *Telegrams : "Clemtal, Nottarch, London"*